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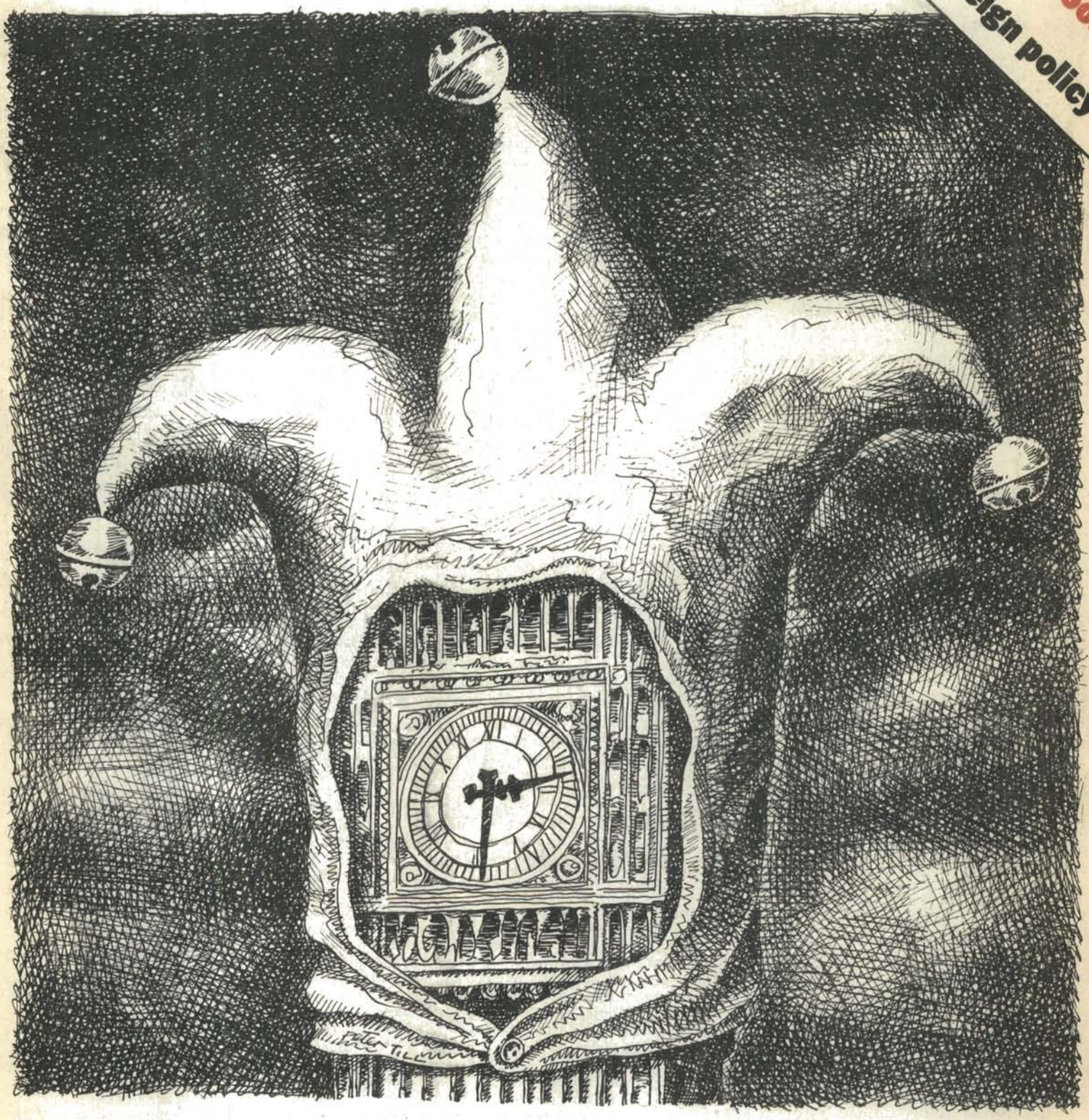
NEW STATESMAN

Tory Conference punch-up

Israeli TV scandal

New assault on the poor

Secrets of Anglo-American foreign policy



PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS

136 hours of 'work' on a new law. Eye-witness report, p. 8

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 100 21 November 1980 No 2592

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New assault on the poor

THE GOVERNMENT embarks next Monday, 24 November, on the most disreputable exercise of its career — that of paring down the purchasing power of the poorest and most vulnerable members of the community. In its drive to cut public spending, it has reduced the value of unemployment, maternity, injury, sickness and invalidity benefit by more than four per cent, and child benefit by almost nine per cent — a result of deliberately holding these rates below the level of inflation.

In practice, this means that a couple with two children living on unemployment or sickness benefit are being robbed of £2.80 a week, or £145.60 over the year. The earnings-related supplement is due to be phased out and has not been uprated at all. Thus, a family on the dole — if it is eligible for the maximum supplement — will have its spending power cut by a further £2.75 a week; and in January it will lose another £5.89 a week, when the supplement is cut by a third.

Possibly the cruellest blow is to the 600,000 people who draw invalidity benefit. These are the men and women who have been unable to work for more than six months, due to sickness or disability. Before the law changed, their benefits were supposed to go up in line with earnings; now they are getting less than enough to keep in line with prices. A single person on invalidity benefit will lose about £130 in the year, while a couple with two children will lose as much as £351.

By delaying the date of uprating by two weeks since it came into office, the government has deprived all claimants, including pensioners, widows and lone parents on supplementary benefit, of two week's worth of increased benefit. For a pensioner couple, this represents a loss of £12.25 — the value of which may be appreciated less keenly by the decision makers responsible, than by the pensioners themselves.

But the changes which take place on Monday have more than a mark of meanness about them. They constitute an important stage in the demolition of the welfare state. The Supplementary Benefits Commission gives way to the Social Security Advisory Committee. the new body, which has no executive powers and an alarmingly high quota of Tory councillors, is unlikely to demonstrate anything approaching the independent spirit of the SBC — whose policy-making function now passes to Mrs Thatcher's ministers.

At the same time a new system of 'rough justice' for the poor is ushered in — as statutory regulations of mind-bending complexity replace the old system of discretionary payments. The latter enabled social security officers to make flexible grants to claimants who needed help with heating, clothing and furniture bills, and other such essentials. It was there as a tacit admission that supplementary benefit alone could not provide the basic necessities of life. No-one thought it very satisfactory: officers frequently used their discretion to refuse payments. The Supplementary Benefits Commission wanted to relieve claimants of their dependence on discretionary grants by giving them more money as a matter of right. But instead of that, the ordinary benefit rates remain pegged at the same level, while claimants — with all their varied and unpredictable needs — must now fit into precise, statutory categories if they are to be lucky enough to qualify for (neatly delineated) sums. Translated into human terms, this means that a single mother who wants to buy a winter coat and shoes for her growing primary-school-age child will have to pay for them out of her weekly income of £28.60. Previously, she could have applied for a grant, but now she won't get one unless she can prove that it is the *only* way of avoiding *serious damage* to her child's health.

There is worse to come, of course, as the Cabinet considers its programme for next year. The £207m saved by this round of cuts has fallen far short of Mrs Thatcher's goal. And since the un-waged are the weakest members of the electorate, they must surely be marked out as targets for the next round. What will the Social Security Advisory Committee have to say about this? Will its members' advice to the government be coloured by the knowledge that for every day they spend working for the Committee they each get £45 — more than twice the amount an unemployed person is expected to live on for a week?

Rob Rohrer

Liberals fan flames of racial prejudice

LIVERPOOL COUNCIL'S ruling Liberal group has drawn up plans to close the city's only purpose-built, multi-racial comprehensive school. The closure of Paddington comprehensive will mean the bussing of many black children to neighbourhoods where there have been recent signs of a resurgence of fanatical right-wing racialism. 'The Liberals have funked the issue of racial prejudice.' warns Margaret Simey, chairwoman of Paddington's governors and a local Labour councillor. 'God knows where it will stop. It is pure racism to close the school. I know senior police officers are very anxious about the consequences.' The black community's anger has been intensified by a Liberal proposal to hand over the Paddington buildings to a nearby girls-only, highly selective grammar school.

The Liberals, supported by their Edge Hill MP David Alton, have repeatedly called for the school's closure. One Edge Hill by-election leaflet complained that children were being 'packed off to Paddington.' Community Relations Council chairman Wally Brown said this week: 'White parents' anxieties have been allowed to determine policy. Anxieties is too mild a word, we are really talking about racism.' Since the school opened in 1968 it has faced the problems of a sharply falling population — through slum clearance and fewer births — as well as racially prejudiced unpopularity and constant uncertainty about its future. Previous Liberal attempts to shut Paddington failed when Labour education minister Shirley Williams rejected plans which included the extension of Edge Hill boys' secondary school — a small, predominantly white, 11-16 age group school the Liberals want to keep open.

Liverpool's other, smaller, multi-racial comprehensive, Arundel, which had achieved similar success in establishing a multi-cultural curriculum, did close. Along with 350 other Paddington pupils 80 Arundel children who transferred there this term face further upheaval if the Liberal closure target of summer 1981 is achieved.

The black community fears the reception these children will get at other schools. A young Saudi Arabian boy has told the *New Statesman* that he was forced to leave Edge Hill boys' school some weeks ago following incessant racial taunts. In between cheerfully and confidently serving customers in his father's grocery shop the 15-year-old boy explained: 'I was the only coloured lad in the maths set and I got all the abuse. My books would be stolen all the time and when I got them back they had "black bastard"

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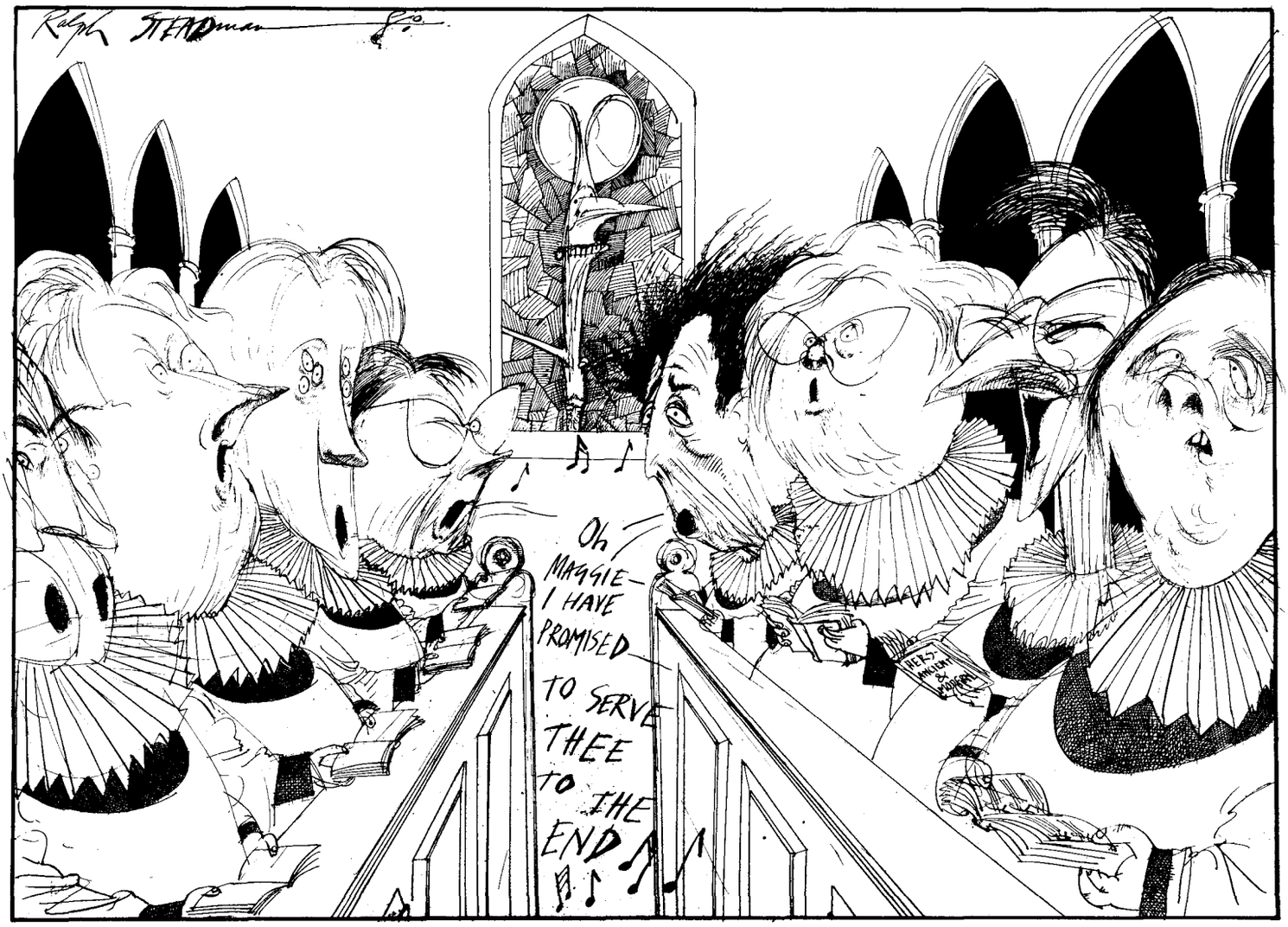

scrawled on them. You can see how happy I am now.' His friend, a boy of Liverpool-born African-Irish parentage, is still at the school. He also tells of constant racial teasing and aggression. 'All I ever get is nigger this and black that.' Edge Hill school recently suspended a pupil who refused to hand over racist leaflets he was selling which suggested ways of identifying 'commie teachers'.

Elaine Davenport

Tampon disease hits Britain

THE FIRST BRITISH case of toxic shock syndrome, a disease associated with the use of tampons, has now been reported. The current issue of the *British Medical Journal* gives details of the case of a 16-year old girl with a high fever admitted to a Leeds hospital in February this year. She had had a 'regular' Tampax tampon in place for three days; she was treated for shock and discharged from the hospital after 18 days.

In the United States the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has drafted a mandatory warning label for tampon packages:

> Warning: Tampons have been associated with toxic shock syndrome, a rare disease that can be fatal. You can almost entirely avoid the risk of getting this disease by not using tampons. You can reduce the risk by using tampons on and off during your period. If you have a fever of 102 degrees or more, and vomit or get diarrhea during your period, remove the tampon at once and see a doctor right away.

This draft — on which the public and manufacturers are now commenting — was the result of studies by the US Department of Health's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta which showed a connection between TSS and the use of tampons. The exact nature of the link between the two has not been identified: the disease almost exclusively strikes healthy young menstruating women, though men have also been affected.

Since the publicity about TSS in September tampon sales in America have fallen. Some women have switched to sanitary towels: some have followed the advice of doctors and rethought their use of tampons — changing them more frequently, using sanitary towels during the less heavy part of their period and avoiding the 'super absorbent' tampons which generally contain less cotton than the 'regular' versions.

In Britain the magazine company IPC have banned all further advertising of deodorant tampons following pressure from the editors of at least two of their women's magazines — *Honey* and *Women's Own* — and other senior female editorial executives.

Anna Coote

Unions call for 'positive action' law

TRADE UNIONISTS called this week for a 'combined strategy of legislation and collective bargaining' to introduce positive action in favour of women in employment. And they agreed that this would have to go hand-in-hand with positive action within the unions themselves.

At a special TUC conference on Tuesday, 119 delegates from 52 unions tackled the problem left to them after five years of 'equality legislation': how could they shift the entrenched patterns of inequality which the Equal Pay and Sex Discrimination Acts did not reach? The majority rejected the idea of strict quota systems (which could involve discrimination against men at the point of selection for jobs), but favoured other positive steps to break down job segregation and help women compete for work on equal terms with men.

No-one imagined it was going to be easy. Judith Hunt of AUEW (TASS) reported that her union had been looking for appropriate workplaces to launch pilot positive action programmes: three had looked promising, but before any arrangements could be made, one has closed down and the other two had become preoccupied with heavy redundancies. Most delegates agreed, however, that the economic recession should not inhibit unions from pressing for positive action, or from planning legislation to be implemented by the next Labour government.

A delegate from the construction workers' union, UCATT, insisted that it was not enough for organisations to announce themselves as 'equal opportunity employers': she had worked for three years for Camden Council, which had done so loudly and expensively, and all that time she had been the only woman in a workforce of 1,000.

Some were worried that positive action could divide the trade union movement, and wished to promote particular measures which could benefit both sexes — such as paid time off for domestic responsibilities and flexible working hours. Others took the view that there was bound to be a 'backlash' and it would have to be faced when it arrived.

Few delegates seemed confident that collective bargaining could achieve much without a new framework of legislation — largely because of the poor level of female participation in union policy-making and negotiation. One woman reported that female members at a NUPE training course had identified (quite simply) 'men' as the main obstacle to their participation: one had said she had to get drunk to find the courage to tell her husband she was going to be away on the course for a week. From all accounts, unions were experimenting with an increasingly wide range of special measures to encourage women's activity — from reserved seats on committees to regular women's conferences — and this trend looked likely to continue.

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Donald Bruce examines the evidence in the case of Michael Carver

Violence at the Tory Conference

THE CASE of Michael Carver — a victim of a violent attack — is unique and of grave significance. Most crimes of violence against a person remain undetected and therefore unpunished: few are committed in the presence of the police and when the police do arrive the assailants have usually left the scene of the crime. The case of Michael Carver is different. Not only were the police there, but also the victim's attackers, the press corps and, on a platform raised some feet above floor level, the Prime Minister herself, together with the Home Secretary.

Michael Carver was a Socialist Workers Party demonstrator who gained access to the Conservative Party Conference in Brighton on the afternoon of 10 October. He was beaten up, carried unconscious from the hall, arrested without charge and detained for nearly six hours prior to his release. Here, one might think, were the classic circumstances where offenders could have been easily and immediately identified and detained with a view to specific charges being preferred, and where some help could have been given to the object of their violence. Quite the reverse happened. The miscreants were left unidentified and undisturbed, while the object of their attentions was hauled off, unconscious, and arrested himself.

The evidence of the assault is damning and conclusive. It came from four distinguished journalists whose pens are not normally dipped in vitriol when reporting Conservative Party affairs and who saw what happened. Ian Glover-Jones, reporting in the *Daily Telegraph* on 11 October, described the event as follows:

> More demonstrators broke their cover minutes after Mrs Thatcher started speaking. One pulled off his coat to expose the bright orange safety jacket of the Right to Work marchers and shouted: 'Fight for the right to work.' He was felled by a blow from a security man and carried out face down.

Fred Emery, *The Times*'s Political Editor, also described the incident the following day:

> By that time one young man near me was being dragged unconscious after a pounding on the floor of the central aisle by security men in plain clothes and some Conservatives including women.

Mr Emery has confirmed this account on two subsequent occasions in the columns of *The Times*. The Political Editor of the *Guardian*, Ian Aitkin, indicated in a letter to me on 6 November:

> The heckler had every impression of being totally unconscious, was certainly quite limp, and was being carried by the arms and legs as if he were a shot deer.

On 16 October, on Granada's *What the Papers Say*, Ian Waller of the *Sunday Telegraph* declared:

> In fact the only real violence of the day took place in the conference hall itself —and the guilty people either party officials or supporters. It happened to one of the hecklers who managed to get through the strict security. . . . .I saw him carried out face hanging down and being handled with rather less respect than a side of beef.

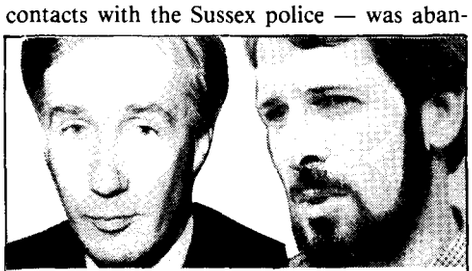
ALL THIS TESTIMONY, was recounted by me in the House of Lords on 11 November. It elicited the following comment from Lord Gardiner, a former Lord Chancellor:

> This was an assault which nothing can justify. It was a criminal offence. It reminds me of the Olympia meeting of Sir Oswald Mosley. If so, how does it come that no enquiry has been made to arrest whoever was responsible for it? The man himself does not pretend to know — not unnaturally. But these other people know.

Now, the government's first answer to the detailed questioning of the whole incident came from Lord Belstead, Parliamentary Under Secretary of State at the Home Office on 30 October. In reply to a question from me he referred to two separate occasions on the afternoon of 10 October involving protestors, stating:

> In each case the man concerned was first approached by the conference stewards and was then escorted from the hall by plain clothes police. . . .I understand that neither of the protestors was unconscious when escorted from the hall and neither has complained of an assault.

This threadbare and inaccurate account — which Lord Belstead said had 'been based' on contacts with the Sussex police — was abandoned when Lord Belstead answered my second question on 11 November. On this occasion he said:



Lord Belstead (left), the government minister who at first denied that Michael Carver (right) had been knocked unconscious in Brighton.

> The further enquiries that I have made revealed that Mr Carver was carried from the hall by stewards and, possibly, some delegates. They were accompanied by a police *officer*. I am informed that it is apparent that, certainly from the time he was seen by the police *officers*, Mr Carver was not unconscious.

The italics are mine, to draw attention to Lord Belstead's careful distinction between what happened when one officer accompanied Carver and what happened later when he was in the presence of several officers. Furthermore, writing in *The Times*, Fred Emery reported that Lord Belstead had omitted from his speech a prepared claim that 'he was conscious'. This omission, coupled with Lord Belstead's equivocation, should be compared with an earlier passage of his speech when he referred to the incident as follows:

> It was at this point that an assault upon Mr Carver is said to have taken place. A police officer who was present went through the crowd to Mr Carver who was on the floor. The police officer identified himself and Mr Carver was taken out of the conference hall.

To whom did the police officer identify himself? To the assailants and those with them, or to the unconscious Mr Carver who, it is now admitted, was 'on the floor'? In short, the version of events described by the four distinguished journalists, covering the period while Carver was in the conference hall and still within their view, remains undiscredited.

Although the Government spokesman never denied that an assault had taken place, he sought refuge in the fact that Carver 'had at no time made an allegation to the police of assault.' Certainly he was in no position to do so when unconscious. What, then, is the police's duty on witnessing an assault? Is it to await the victim's return to consciousness and his articulation of a complaint before taking steps to apprehend and question and identify his assailant? Clearly, if law and order is to be maintained it is the police's duty to investigate an offence when it takes place under their noses or in circumstances such as these. The great unanswered questions are: why was no police action taken immediately after the event and why, given the published evidence, has the matter been allowed to die?

There are conflicting versions of what happened to Carver after he left the conference hall and was, therefore, out of sight of the corps of journalists. Carver avers he regained consciousness only at the police station. According to the Sussex police, as relayed by Lord Belstead, 'he stood up and walked unaided . . . about 100 yards' to a police vehicle. During his journey to the police station he talked to the police officer with him and, 'in particular, he was interviewed about a conference pass which was in his possession.'

A police vehicle seems a curious place to conduct an 'interview', especially as Carver had not been either charged or cautioned. Lord Belstead's statement that 'Mr Carver was arrested for a breach of the peace' certainly materialised in no charge. A requirement that he be at Brighton police station on 11 November was cancelled six days before that date, soon after my question had been put down for debate.

What happened to Carver during the 5¾ hours he was in the police station? He was not charged or cautioned and, after questioning, spent some 2½ hours in his cell before being released. He recalls that the cell was cold and he fell asleep. Although a police doctor was 'standing by', Carver received no medical attention because, we are told, he did not ask for it. Even though he had been seen 'on the floor' and was carried unconscious from the hall it was evidently not thought to be a matter for any medical initiative.

Although, as Lord Belstead points out, Carver can make a complaint about his treatment by the police, there are an increasing number of people who are suspicious of the police investigating themselves, especially as the Department of Public Prosecutions has no investigative facilities. And although a victim can take out a private summons, the Home Secretary has no power to intervene in matters of this nature.

The police are thus a law unto themselves. There is no equivalent in England to the Procurator Fiscal in Scotland and it was not even possible for Michael English to put down in the House of Commons the identical question which I tabled in the House of Lords. There is, apparently, no ministerial responsibility.

The Conservative Party manifesto, in its section RULE OF LAW, said:

> The most disturbing threat to our freedom and security is the growing disrespect for the rule of law. In government as in opposition, Labour have undermined it. Yet respect for the rule of law is the basis of a free and civilised life. We will restore it, re-establishing the supremacy of Parliament and giving the right priority to the fight against crime.

After the disgraceful scenes at Brighton, these words are at once an impertinence and a challenge.

Donald Bruce was Labour MP for North Portsmouth 1945-50 and a member of the European Parliament 1975-79. He was created a Life Peer in 1974.

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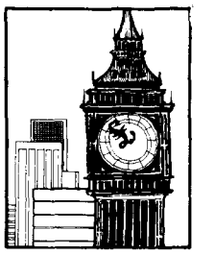

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

The great rose-tinted spectacles show

TRY THIS FOR SIZE. There need be no U-turns, or reflationary tax cuts. On present policies the recession will end this winter anyway. By next spring inflation will be down to 8 per cent. The Government's money supply targets will be met. Short-term interest rates will be down by six per cent. Unemployment will peak soon after, at a figure not much higher than it is today. Thereafter things will continue to improve on all fronts. By 1984, Britain's national income will be £20 billion higher than it is today, even after allowing for inflation —which by then will be down to 3 per cent a year.

You think I am joking? I promise you I am not. With as straight a face as I can muster, I am simply reporting the latest forecast of Professor Patrick Minford of Liverpool University. Now there are people who think that Minford is a bit over the top; that he is doing to economics what Rasputin did to medicine; that he should be ignored. On the other hand there are those, like Nigel Lawson, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who think that Minford is the bees' knees; Lawson wanted Minford to be the Treasury's chief economic adviser, when the post became vacant a few months ago. In any case, I don't hold with the idea of ignoring people whose mental faculties do not function quite like yours or mine. Rasputin was a pretty powerful chap, after all.

Minford, you see, is a one hundred per cent, pure beef monetarist. More than that: he is the one pure monetarist in Britain with a computer model of the economy. His is not the economics of vague pipe-dreams or fudged ideology; he has a clear view of how money supply shapes the economy, and is willing to put numbers to the connections. If the Government's monetarist vision of the way the world works is correct, then Minford's projections should prove to be broadly correct. This week's cabinet decision to cut public spending further and increase taxes next spring should actually help recovery.

But if the Government is wrong, then Minford's figures will be way out of line. Minford's model is the nearest thing Britain possesses to an objective test of what this Government is up to. Top Treasury officials, who shy away from such clear cut tests, go to some pains to distance themselves from Minford's work: they all want their alibis in case the strategy fails. They are like nervous pilots for whom Minford has provided an unwelcome black box: if the aeroplane crashes, the evidence for monetarism's failure will be beyond dispute.

THE INTELLECTUAL gulf that separates the monetarists from the Keynesians is indicated by the table on this page. Twenty-four hours before the Minford forecast was published, a group of Cambridge economists — Cambridge Econometrics — put out their own avowedly Keynesian view of where the Government's policies will lead. (Cambridge econometrics, incidentally, should not be confused with the separate Cambridge Economic Policy Group, which is best known for its advocacy of import controls.)

The Cambridge model predicts that a cut in government spending leads to higher unemployment, and that the level of demand in the economy is much more influential than interest rates in determining industry's decisions on stockbuilding and investment. So Cambridge foresees the Government's tight money policy exacerbating the recession, with stocks and investment both declining until the mid-80s. (Indeed, Cambridge would predict an even deeper depression if it thought the Government could keep to its public spending plans; but it expects continued overspending — *and* income tax cuts ahead of the next general election.)

LIVERPOOL'S IDEAS are very different, not only from Cambridge, but from every other computer model of the economy. It is based on what Minford calls the 'theory of rational expectations'. Employers and workers, he argues, are now convinced that the Government will keep to its money supply targets. For this reason — and solely for this reason — wage settlements this winter will be low; consumers will spend more and save less as inflation falls, and by next spring industry will be building up its stocks and expanding its investment plans.

It is important to recognise that there are two stages to this argument: first, that monetary policy is tightly linked to inflation, and secondly that falling inflation (as well as falling interest rates) is tightly linked to rising output. Although most of the public debate about monetarism concentrates on the money-inflation link, it is really the inflation-output link that is more suspect. Historically, declining inflation has been associated more with recession than with growth.

Minford, however, claims that his model has better predictive powers than his rivals'.In evidence to the House of Commons Treasury Committee he produced figures to show that the (Keynesian) National Institute's model was twice as inaccurate as his at charting the course of inflation and output from 1971 to 1976. That is rather odd, because the Liverpool model did not exist then. What Minford has done is compare what he says his model *would have* predicted with what the National Institute *actually did* predict at the time. Unlike the National Institute, Minford has 'predicted' the traumatic events of the early 1970s after knowing what actually happened. To ask us to accept that as serious evidence of the model's value is like asking Littlewoods to accept a football pools coupon filled in on Saturday evening.

No, the important evidence is what Minford says is going to happen. And his evidence to the MPs, dated 28 May 1980, contains the following lulu:

> On the output side, there is little sign yet of any recession . . . The economy is stagnant or growing slowly, but not yet in recession.

At that time, when every other model was predicting a fall in Britain's gross domestic product this year, Minford was predicting none. Minford has now revised his 1980 projections; he is expecting GDP this year will be 1.9 per cent lower than last year. But on the basis of this week's figures from the Central Statistical Office, the final result is likely to be a decline of nearer 4 per cent — as Cambridge has said all along.

Minford now admits he was too optimistic in the spring. He says the recession is partly 'due to mistakes made by firms and unions in assessing the monetary environment that would prevail during the 1979-80 wage round.' He maintains that this winter pay bargainers will have a

> new understanding of the likely course of monetary policy in which presumably, having been once badly burnt by their scepticism about monetary change, they will treat future monetary and fiscal targets with greater respect.

I can well believe that wage settlements will be lower this winter, mainly because the recession is biting too hard. The notion that shop stewards have been converted overnight to solemn respect for money supply targets strikes me as nonsense.

There is a simple way to settle the matter. Why don't you, I and Patrick Minford cut out this article and compare notes again in a year's time? If I am proved wrong, I will promise never to criticise him, Margaret Thatcher or Milton Friedman again — on one condition: that Minford promises that if he is proved wrong, he will pay an unemployed Liverpool school-leaver to throw his computer terminal in the Mersey.

Two rival views of the future

	Gross Domestic Product (1979 = 100)		Unemployment(1) (millions)		Inflation rate (per cent)		Interest rates(2) (per cent)		Government borrowing(3) (£ billions)	
	Cambridge	Liverpool	Camb.	L'pool	Camb.	L'pool	Camb.	L'pool	Camb.	L'pool
1979	100	100	1.4	1.3	12.2	12.0	13.9	13.6	12.6	9.9
1980	96.2	98.1	1.97	1.65	17.7	18.0	16.0	16.5	11.7	9.7
1981	94.5	99.5	2.5	2.1	11.7	8.1	14.0	10.8	9.4	7.7
1982	94.6	102.8	2.7	1.9	12.9	5.0	9.5	9.5	9.8	5.8
1983	96.4	105.5	3.1	1.8	8.6	4.1	8.8	7.3	9.9	3.9
1984	98.3	108.2	3.3	1.7	9.4	2.9	8.5	6.9	8.9	4.1

1 Cambridge includes school-leavers, Liverpool excludes them.
2 Cambridge: Minimum lending rate; Liverpool: Treasury bill rate.
3 Cambridge PSBR Figures relate to calendar years, Liverpool to fiscal years (e.g. '1980' means April '80 to March '81).

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DIPLOMACY

Kissinger's personal instructions

Secret documents reprinted here reveal the complicity of the British and American governments in a remarkable human tragedy. In 1975 Indonesian forces invaded the former Portuguese colony of East Timor (see map). Even on Indonesia's figures, one-tenth of the population died; the real toll may be as high as one in three. The story of secret British approval for 'strong action' by Indonesia is contained in a new book, *Documents on Australian Defence and Foreign Policy*. Court orders have suppressed the book and prevented two Australian newspapers from revealing its contents. The *New Statesman* has received extracts that shed new light on the whole network of American-dominated alliances. We print them below.

CONSERVATIVE politicians in Australia have always insisted that the ANZUS treaty — Australia, New Zealand and the US — is the 'ultimate guarantee' of the country's security. Those were the words Malcolm Fraser used in last month's election, with the usual suggestion that no Labour government could be entrusted with this priceless jewel. But the suppressed documents, collected by two publishing executives, George Munsler & Richard Walsh, suggest the treaty is of small practical value.

The Australian public has already learnt that America rejected the only appeal for help yet made under the treaty: documents from the Kennedy Library show that this occurred after the 1963 decision of the Menzies Government to put Australian troops into Borneo during the period of Indonesian confrontation with Malaysia. Sir Garfield Barwick, then External Affairs minister, flew to Washington for talks with Under-Secretary of State Averell Harriman.

Barwick argued that as the treaty referred to attacks on any of the forces of any party in the Pacific area, then the troops in Borneo were entitled to American protection.

Harriman insisted that the treaty didn't cover 'subversion, guerilla warfare or indirect aggression'. This didn't prevent Barwick, on his return to Australia, telling a press conference that there was no doubt the ANZUS treaty covered the Borneo case.

But the Munster/Walsh book reveals that Barwick wrote at the same time a secret memo which began with the sensible admission that each party would interpret the treaty according to its judgments at the time, and went on to warn Australian diplomats, amazingly, that

> the Government is of the opinion that discussion of the treaty's meaning is almost certain to narrow its meaning . . . We will only tend to embarrass each other if we try, either in public or in private, to explore such topics, and in the government's view such exploration is bound to weaken rather than strengthen the reliance we can place on ANZUS.

Clearly, an odd sort of 'ultimate guarantee' (see opposite for more details). The same section of the book also contains a cable from the Australian Embassy in Washington which severely undercuts the repeated assurances that Australian officials are fully informed about the functions of American bases in Australia.

It was sent in March 1973 by the Ambassador, Sir James Plimsoll, and opens with a remarkable confession of ignorance:

> Because of the absence from Washington of a number of senior defence group officers we have been hampered in providing answers to the questions you have raised in your telegram (about the bases)

Without providing any official information from the US, Plimsoll's cable goes on to suggest that his government should make reference to a number of public sources, such as the Adelphi Papers of London's International Institute for Strategic Studies, and a book by a correspondent for the US magazine *Aviation Week*.

ESTIMATES of the death-toll from the Indonesian invasion of East Timor in late 1975 range from Indonesia's own 60,000 to a recent estimate of 200,000 made at a conference in New York — in any case, it is an enormous disaster afflicting a tiny population. Secret cables from the Munster/Walsh collection show that British, American and Australian policy-makers showed collusive indifference to the fate of East Timor's population, though their influence with the Indonesians — Western 'allies' by now — was considerable.

Where the options were argued at all, it was claimed that the East Timorese would be better off if Indonesia Dominion were to follow the collapse of Portuguese colonial rule. Independence would only mean political and economic instability, which might make a population (then) numbering 600,000 turn towards communism. The US State Department, then controlled by Henry Kissinger, ordered its embassy in Indonesia to cut back on its reporting of the East Timor issue, while the British ambassador, Sir John Ford, recommended the turning of a blind eye to the invasion of what he called 'this problem child'.

21 July 1975.

Portuguese Timor: British Policy Confidential

To Canberra from Djakarta*

British Ambassador Ford has given me on a personal basis copy of report of his Head of Chancery (Gordon Duggan) on his visit to Portuguese Timor earlier this month. We are sending copy by safehand bag today. Meantime, you might be interested in following comment by Ford in covering letter to Foreign and Commonwealth Office. Begins:

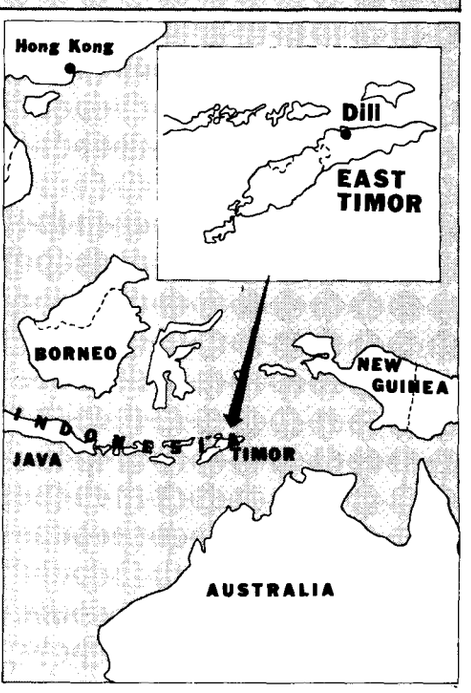
'One conclusion does seem to stand out from Gordon's report. The people of Portuguese Timor are in no condition to exercise the right of self-determination. Their politicians are likely to continue their squabbling and dissension and, in the absence of a strong lead from Lisbon or a military coup, political confusion will grow worse and the territory's soil become even more fertile for trouble making.

Duggan saw no evidence that either the Russians or the Chinese were yet stirring the pot — but any increase in Soviet influence in Lisbon might increase the chances that the former will seek to exploit the situation, and we shall keep a close eye out for signs that they are doing so.

Even without Soviet or Chinese intervention the territory seems likely to become more of a problem child and the arguments in favour of its integration into Indonesia are all the stronger. Though it still remains in our interest to steer clear of becoming involved in future, developments in Lisbon now seem to argue in favour of greater sympathy towards Indonesia should the Indonesian government feel forced to take strong action by the deteriorating situation in Portuguese Timor. Certainly as seen from here it is in Britain's interest that Indonesia should absorb the territory as soon and as unobtrusively as possible.

If it comes to the crunch and there is a row in the UN we should keep our heads down and avoid siding against the Indonesians.'

Above, the message in which British diplomat Sir John Ford (left) approved Indonesia's invasion of East Timor: the US ambassador colluded, under personal orders from Henry Kissinger (right). Fighting continues, with lavish use of US equipment like the Bronco STOL ground-attack aircraft.



* *Capital of Indonesia, and location of Australian embassy.*

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In a cable on 17 August 1975 Richard Woolcott, the Australian ambassador, reported that America could influence Indonesia's behaviour because of the need for Congressional support for US military aid. But Woolcott added that

> US Ambassador Newsom told me last night that he is under instructions from Kissinger personally not to involve himself in discussions on Timor with the Indonesians on the grounds that the US is involved in enough problems of greater importance . . . I will be seeing Newsom on Monday but his present attitude is that the US should . . . allow events to take their course. His somewhat cynical comment to me was that if the Indonesians were going to intervene they (US) would hope they do so 'effectively, quickly, and not use our equipment'.

The intervention is still going on today, with extensive use of US equipment, especially the Bronco ground-attack aircraft. In the same cable, Woolcott advised that Indonesian suppression of Timorese independence was in Australia's interest, and objected to plans for the then Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam, to send a message asking Indonesia's president, General Suharto, to avoid the use of force.

> Suharto will be looking to Australia for understanding of what he, after very careful consideration, decides to do, rather than what he might regard as a lecture, or even a friendly caution.

Actually, the Labour government was divided on the issue: Whitlam was amenable to an Indonesian take-over, but the External Affairs minister, Don Willisee, favoured an act of real self-determination. The invasion, however, did not take place until after Whitlam had been sacked by Governor-General Sir John Kerr.

THE FRASER government's court argument for suppression of the book includes a particularly vehement claim that relations with Indonesia will be damaged by its revelations. Certainly one embarrassment is a top-secret cable from Woolcott of 4 January 1975, including the text of a recent meeting of the Association of South-East Asian Nations, at which proposals for neutralisation of the area were discussed. The cable states that the text — supposed to be kept top-secret within ASEAN — had been leaked by Colonel Setiawan of the Indonesian intelligence agency BAKIN. Other documents refer to collaboration in 'internal and external intelligence' between Indonesia and Australia — something not previously admitted.

Another cable from Woolcott documents Britain's role in getting the East Timor disaster under way (see separate extract).

But embarrassment may well reverberate further afield if the ban on the book is lifted. For instance Malcolm Fraser, refreshed by electoral victory, is trying to add more muscle to the five-power defence arrangement (ANZUK) cobbled together in the latter sixties between Malaysia, Singapore, America, Australia and New Zealand, with British support. Secret documents suggest that Australian officials have always been aware that this structure was imposed over considerable Malaysian doubts — none of which are likely to have been alleviated by the passage of time.

A secret brief prepared for a visit by the Australian Defence Minister to Singapore and Malaysia in March 1972 opens with a scathing estimate of the military stance of Lee Kuan Yew's Singapore government:

> Facets of Singapore's force development are designed as deterrents. Unfortunately, they also convey the appearance of being 'aggressive' or 'interventionist' in purpose. Combined with phrases in Singapore's recent history typified by slogans such as 'national survival', the development or overdevelopment of such facilities runs the risk of antagonising the wolf it is intended to deter. Our own judgment furthermore is that one strand in Singaporean military thinking countenances the possibility of making a lodgment in the Malayan peninsula.

The Australian brief-writer sympathised with a Malaysia official's remark that, in this context, Singapore's request for jungle-training facilities in Malaysia was as provocative as would be a Malaysia request to train for street-fighting in Singapore. Malaysian dislike of the mutual-defence scheme intensified after the return of the Tories to power in Britain in 1970, for the British then decided to station all their remaining forces in Singapore: in the original plan worked out with Australia and New Zealand, the forces involved would have been split roughly evenly between Singapore and Malaysia.

> Particularly with the return of the British, who the Malaysians probably identify more closely with Lee Kuan Yew than they identify with Australia or New Zealand, the Malaysians have shown some suspicion that ANZUK could become SANZUK — ie Singapore plus ANZUK. One practical consequence is that it is unrealistic for us any longer to hope to bring Singapore forces into Malaysia for training purposes on the 'coat-tails' of our own forces . . .

Given the facts of Malaysia suspicion of Lee Kuan Yew, the writer of the secret brief suggests that attempts to pin both countries into a single pro-Western defensive alliance might be counter-productive.

> Would we be better by allowing matters to take a bilateral course . . . Do our attempts to bring the Malaysians and Singaporeans together simply open-up areas of friction rather than achieve a constructive purpose?

Documents on Australian Defence and Foreign Policy 1968-75 undoubtedly presents a disturbing picture of the inner workings of international politics: undoubtedly the Fraser government will earn gratitude in many other capitals if it succeeds in turning its injunction into permanent suppression. A piquant aspect of the court proceedings is that the Chief Justice of Australia is now the same Sir Garfield Barwick who plays a distinguished role in the early sections of the book as External Affairs minister when he challenged American interpretation of the ANZUS treaty.

When is a treaty not a treaty? ANZUS below

Brief for Minister for Foreign Affairs
From Department of Foreign Affairs,* June 1975

ANZUS

Secret. A renewal of hostilities that involved US forces (in Korea) might raise the question of Australian obligations under the ANZUS treaty. Article 4 of the treaty requires each signatory in the event of an armed attack in the Pacific area on any of the parties 'to act to meet the common danger in accordance with constitutional processes'. Article 5 defines armed attacks on the armed forces, public vessels or aircraft of a signatory in the Pacific area. Papers from the time of drafting indicate that, although the treaty has its origins — in part — in Western reaction to North Korean aggression in 1950, the treaty area was not meant to extend to the Asian mainland and that the intention rather was to accept an offshore commitment only.

In 1959 Mr Whitlam asked in Parliament: 'Which of the islands off the coasts of China and Australia are included in the term "Pacific area" in the treaty between Australia, New Zealand and the USA?" The US State Department suggested a reply as follows:

> The phrase 'Pacific area' as used in several places in the ANZUS treaty is not precisely defined, but doubtless has wide application. In view of the intimate relationship between the three governments any areas of doubt might well be left for decision from time to time in the light of changing circumstances.

Mr (later Lord) Casey, the Minister for External Affairs, replied to Mr Whitlam:

> The broad phrase 'Pacific area' as used in several places in the ANZUS treaty is not precisely defined. In view of the intimate relationships between the three governments this is something that is well left to decision from time to time in the light of changing circumstances.

Despite the apparent earlier intention that the treaty should not apply to the Asian mainland, there were in 1963 Ministerial exchanges with the US on the applicability of the treaty to Australian forces in Malaysia during the confrontation. These resulted in a secret record of understanding of 17 October 1963 . . . the Minister for External Affairs at the time (Sir Garfield Barwick) in a minute to the Department commented:

> In practice, each of the parties to the ANZUS treaty is going to decide whether or not to take action under the treaty according to its own judgment of the situation that exists . . . The Government is of the opinion that discussion of the treaty's meaning is almost certain to narrow its meaning . . . We will only tend to embarrass each other if we try, either in public or private, to explore such topics and in the Government's view such exploration is bound to weaken rather than strengthen the reliance we can place on ANZUS.

In the case of South Vietnam, although the original Australian undertaking to provide military advisers arose during a meeting of high-ranking US officials for an ANZUS meeting, the ANZUS treaty was never invoked as a legal basis for the involvement. To sum up, the exact area of the ANZUS treaty was deliberately left vague when it was drafted, has never been defined, and could fairly be left to determination in the light of circumstances at the particular time.

Australia's Chief Justice, Sir Garfield Barwick was formerly External Affairs Minister: at which time he wrote a secret, but highly sceptical assessment of the treaty under which America guarantees Australia's defence. Now, he presides over the court which must decide whether the document (above) is to be published.

** In the early 70s the Australian Department of External Affairs changed its name to Department of Foreign Affairs.*

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The tragicomedy of the Housing Bill

According to constitutional textbooks the committee system is one of the strengths of Parliament. Here, the theory goes, MPs who are expert in the subject can discuss, in a relatively non-party way, the details of legislation and the merits of the proposals. The reality is rather different. MONICA FERMAN attended virtually every minute of the 136 hours which Standing Committee F spent discussing the Housing Bill in Committee Room 11. As her report below shows, the proceedings were a perfect example of the parliamentary theatricals which give the appearance of conflict and decision making to a system in which the elected participants have no real role.

STANDING COMMITTEE PROCEEDINGS are a curious thing to follow. Members sit on opposite sides of the room, separated from the public only by a wooden bar resembling an altar-rail. They can chat to one another, exchange pleasantries with lobbyists or the public as they wish. Only when a vote approached did formality prevail in the Housing Committee. The chairman — Janet Fookes, with red hair and an extensive range of outfits in green or blue to match her eye-shadow — called 'Division' whereupon ushers in fancy dress threw open the doors and boomed out 'Division in Room 11'. A few moments were allowed for the whips to collect stragglers and then, in chilling tones, the chairman commanded 'Lock the doors,' which were physically barred by the ushers while the Clerk to the Committee called out the Register and each member answered Aye or No to his name. The opposition whip — Joe Dean (Labour, Leeds West) got himself locked out by accident once. He battered on the doors during the calling of the Register, and when they were eventually unlocked, he shot in like an angry bull, complaining that it was a 'poor show' when the Chairman allowed the government whip plenty of time in a Division. He got nowhere, for the chairman, carefully guided in procedure by her committee clerks, knew that the Chair's discretion was absolute.

The government sit with civil service advisers at their left hand, which is rather like starting with a free kick. Rapid briefings are provided for them throughout proceedings, and these make their way to the Front Bench via the Parliamentary Private Secretary or the Whip. Ministers vary in the skill with which they can digest and reproduce the expert information. John Stanley was good at a prepared brief but, caught by some tricky questions, seemed unable to think quickly on his feet and make use of extra material. He often answered by repeating the statement again, but louder. This habit so maddened Gerald Kaufman that he once had the novel idea of calling for an adjournment of the Committee until the Minister could answer the question. He didn't get it.

Kaufman led the eight Opposition members of the committee against John Stanley's eleven Conservatives. Plaid Cymru had one member — Dafydd Elis Thomas, who saw fit to vote with Labour on all issues except one. In a wild gesture of defiance he voted with the government on a small drafting amendment, to assert his independence. Kaufman said it would debar him from holding office in a future Labour government.

KAUFMAN WAS, OF COURSE, the wit and jester of the Committee. He flirted outrageously with the chairman. On 14 February he opened proceedings by wishing Miss Fookes 'a happy St Valentine's Day from all your bashful admirers.' A few sittings later, when an amendment was described as 'a Trojan horse in the Bill' he winked and she dimpled delightfully as he turned to the chair and asked '. . .but WHO is Helen of Troy.'

Committee proceedings were dominated by the government whip David Waddington Q.C. who seldom spoke except to raise a Point of Order or once to make a quip in Greek. He could produce an absolute majority for the government on every vote so long as he could bring in members from the corridors, the bars or the telephone booths. As a division approached David Waddington would pad swiftly from the room, like a wild cat stalking its prey, and return with an Hon. Member just in time for the vote, only slightly mauled. Once Tristan Garel-Jones (Con, Watford) went missing completely. The doors stood unlocked for longer than usual and Waddington came back empty handed.

The government just scraped home with a majority of one and when Garel-Jones appeared all sunny smiles ten minutes later, he felt it necessary to kneel by the Whip's seat and

Tories who knew about housing were excluded from the committee

explain, with penitent gestures, why he had not been found when Mr Waddington had been wanting. Many a time after that he rushed in at the last moment, completely unaware of the clause under debate, or even if he was required to vote Aye or No. He admitted to the public gallery that, had it been the Social Security Bill under discussion that would have been a different matter for him. A well-known 'wet' on those matters, he had been greatly relieved to find he hadn't been chosen to serve on that

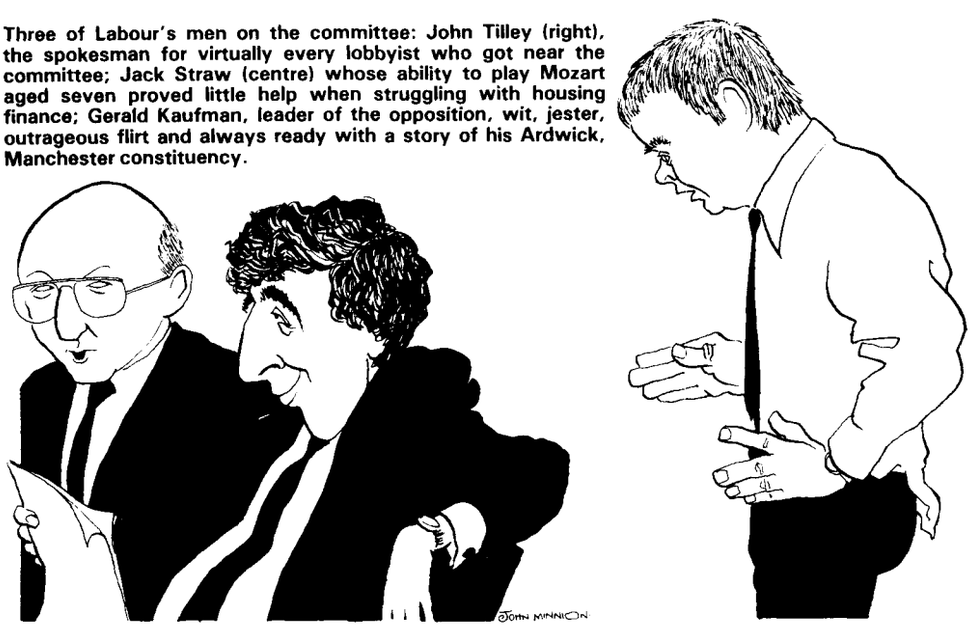
Wyn Roberts, Minister for Wales, slow-moving and slow-speaking with the panache of a steam-roller is watched by the committee chairman, the severe but easily flattered Janet Fookes.

Committee next door. No doubt the same logic that had put Garel-Jones on Housing had also excluded Brandon Rhys-Williams, Nick Scott and other government housing-buffs from Standing Committee 'F'.

The most promising expert was John Tilley, the only member of the Opposition with a London consituency, who had the distinction of speaking on behalf of almost every lobbying organisation in the land. As he moved from the London Boroughs' Association, through Shelter, housing co-operatives and housing associations, to his own constituents of Lambeth and the Campaign for Homosexual Equality or Refuges for Battered Wives, he became a man for all tenants. He also had the honour of proposing the only opposition amendment to be accepted by the government. It was a minor drafting amendment which gave some joy but didn't provide a pattern for the future.

Tilley sat next to Jack Straw (Lab., Blackburn), who seemed to have been seriously affected by seeing Gerald Kaufman in action. As the Committee progressed, Jack Straw's jokes became longer and more carefully staged, and his smile began to precede him into the room. He took to flirting with Miss Fookes and had a running gag about the 'O' levels he had or had not taken. It was discovered, *à propos* of a discussion about tenants' fixtures and fittings in 'shorthold', that Straw had been something

Three of Labour's men on the committee: John Tilley (right), the spokesman for virtually every lobbyist who got near the committee; Jack Straw (centre) whose ability to play Mozart aged seven proved little help when struggling with housing finance; Gerald Kaufman, leader of the opposition, wit, jester, outrageous flirt and always ready with a story of his Ardwick, Manchester constituency.



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of a musical genius and, at the age of seven, could play a Mozart minuet with one hand. However, when discussing statistics, he got in a terrible mess with his 'socialist arithmetic' and had to borrow a 'Japanese capitalist calculator' from his Rt. Hon. Friend, Gerald Kaufman.

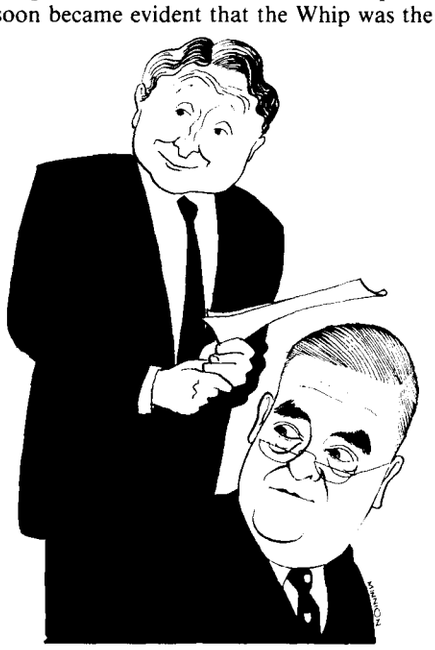
Jack Straw's example encouraged Gerald Kaufman to wax enthusiastic about the joys of listening to Mozart on stereo speakers ('fixtures and fittings') when working on Ministerial Red Boxes. Miss Fookes brought him back to the point by saying he shouldn't give her his full discourse on housing policies. He said she wouldn't be getting that until September, when it would be published under the title *How to be a Minister* by Sidgwick & Jackson[1] and he hoped every Hon. Member present, and every member of the public as well, would order a copy. Miss Fookes called him to Order and he begged her forgiveness, saying he had always regarded her as infallible and 'if I could only hang on to the coat-tails of your infallibility, Miss Fookes, I would be happy.'

Geoffrey Finsberg (bottom right) the junior housing minister, although pedantic, was better at answering questions than his superior John Stanley (standing), who just repeated himself, but louder, when faced with a tricky question. Tony Durant (left), one of the few 'heavies' on the government side found his helpful interventions were not always well received by his colleagues.

THERE WERE SOME DEADLY serious confrontations, especially when Kaufman announced, as he did regularly at each Sitting, that they were now about to discuss 'the most offensive Clause in this Part of the most obnoxious Bill.' On the whole the Front Benches confined themselves to taking up pre-arranged positions, like mediaeval knights mounting ritual tilts at each other's policies. John Stanley, a large man seemingly carved from marble, made government statements of policy, and didn't feel it necessary to add more unless he had a well-set-up question from one of his own backbenchers, when he would say how grateful he was to his Hon. Friend for making that point, and give an illuminating reply. Geoffrey Finsberg, being the Junior Minister, was used extensively for answering opposition questions, and Wyn Roberts, Under-Secretary of State for Wales, spoke on all Welsh matters and was frequently used for winding up debates which he did with the *panache* of a steamroller.

Gerald Kaufman wasn't all jokes. He threw down the gauntlet over 'shorthold' but nobody would pick it up. He said that the opposition had been most co-operative until that part of the Bill, but all the safeguards which had once been proposed by the Conservatives' own Brandon Rhys-Williams, who had first thought of the idea in a Private Members' Bill, had been omitted, and the whole thing was an abomination. A little late in the day, considering it was to become official Labour Party policy, he announced that, when returned to power, Labour would repeal 'shorthold'. He admitted that they'd been prepared to do a deal over it when they first considered the Bill, but the government had refused to accept any amendments they'd put forward, so they were pledged to repeal. The government deplored this. They described it as a 'worthwhile little experiment' and thought that landlords might be nervous of going into 'shorthold' at the end of this Parliament with repeal hanging over them. Gerald Kaufman glinted at the brief moment of power. They asked if he'd rather properties remained empty then go into shorthold and he said 'Yes!'. There was uproar and Geoffrey Finsberg said that would stand on the record for the next election.

John Stanley's prime concern was the timetabling of the Bill. Behind him sat the Whip and it soon became evident that the Whip was the



most powerful man in the room. Nobody told David Waddington what to do except the Whip's office, and there was little leeway. One Wednesday in March, a rumour swept the public gallery that the Committee was going to sit until midnight, instead of doing its usual morning and afternoon sessions, and, for some obscure reason, Gerald Kaufman opened the afternoon session with a long and elaborate speech on a small point, relating it to his constituency of Manchester, Ardwick, and the problems of co-ownerships. John Tilley followed with an equally long and well-researched speech on the difficulties of co-operative housing. Tristan Garel-Jones was the first to use the word 'filibuster'. Kaufman snapped pointedly at him that, if the Committee was required 'at no notice at all to return for another Sitting lasting until midnight,' the opposition would use the time fully to discuss matters which had received little attention before. Joe Dean announced that the 'whole process of consultation between the parties had broken down.' David Waddington shouted 'Rubbish!' and Kaufman said that, until that point, it had been a 'very pleasant Committee,' but if the Minister wanted to conduct proceedings without any prior consultation, he'd get what was coming to him. Joe Dean said that, compared with progress other Committees were making in the same corridor, Standing Committee 'F' was well ahead, and he knew that because the Conservative Chairman of the Committee next door had asked him how far they'd got, and when told, he'd said, 'My God, Joe, you're doing well!'

When the Committee came back to work on the Thursday morning, relations had taken a turn for the worse. Gerald Kaufman asked for advance notice of the proposed timetable. He ran over again all his past efforts at co-operation and an incident which had taken place much earlier in Committee Sittings assumed a new significance. During a previous debate Kaufman had been addressed from the Chair by Miss Fookes and had completely missed the point of her question. He had apologised saying that he had been 'so busy nodding and winking at the Minister that he had not heard her.' Miss Fookes said, 'As an ex-schoolmarm, I don't approve of such behaviour,' and it all passed in good humour. On the Thirty-First Sitting, however, Gerald Kaufman glinted at the Minister and the Minister stared stonily back. Eventually the Whip leaned over and had a brief word with Stanley, and they signalled to the opposition Front Bench. They promptly withdrew to the corridor with Kaufman and Joe Dean. Tristan Garel-Jones, popping in for a short while, announced that he hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on as he was just one of the 'leg-men' on the Bill. Michael Mates (Con., Petersfield), another back-bench 'leg-man', continued with his own work on the Defence White Paper behind his open briefcase, as was his habit. A bluff ex-soldier, he was the extrovert of the Committee. Normally during a sitting he would indulge in a session of noisy shredding, filling the window-sills behind him with waste-paper, often seeking to involve members of the public gallery in snorts of disbelief, outrage, or disgust as he surfaced in time to catch snatches of the debate. He made one or two points about rural troubles in Hampshire and the rotten deal facing returning ex-Servicemen. His finest hour was when he pinned a cardboard 'L-Plate' notice to the back of Tony Durant (Con., Reading North), who sat in front of him, and who had somewhat put his foot in a Ministerial speech earlier in the day, while only trying to make a helpful intervention.

This sort of licence was apparently granted to the 'leg-men' who were there to vote the right way and provide an audience for the Minister, who had a curious way with a speech. He would rise, turn his back on the Chair, and swivel to address his own back-benchers, who gave tongue in support with many a loyal 'Year! . . . Year!'

WHEN THE THIRTY-FIRST Sitting adjourned for lunch at 1 p.m. on the dot (in mid-sentence if not in mid-word) progress had not been made, in spite of corridor consultations. When the Committee met for its Thirty-Second Sitting that afternoon, Gerald Kaufman said the opposition was not prepared to return after dinner on terms dictated by the government Whip. Moreover, in order that 'business could continue to be conducted in a civilised and pleasant manner,' he demanded details, there and then, about times of Sittings planned for the following week when the House would go into Easter Recess. He divulged that he had made the government a firm offer that they would guarantee to complete Clause 90 of the Bill by Easter, and, in view of that, the Minister couldn't expect them to sit late into the night when they had other commitments.

John Stanley had a word with the Whip and

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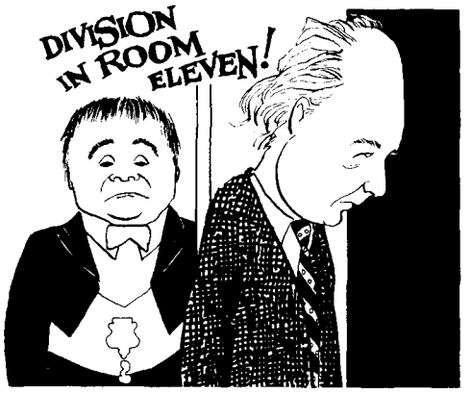
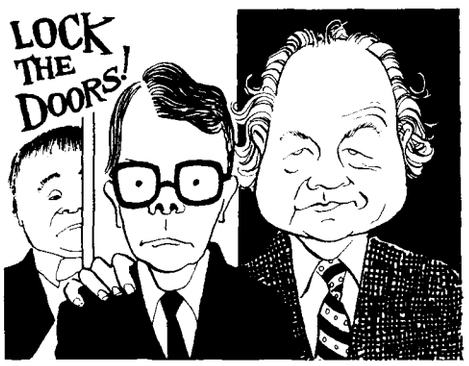


David Waddington, the government whip (above, with usher), seldom spoke except in Greek, spending more time searching for his supporters in the corridors just before a vote was taken in a division. He usually returned with an Hon Member — such as John Major (below) only slightly mauled.



said that the government was 'firmly of the view that the Committee had to make extra progress.' They would, therefore, meet again for another sitting after dinner that night. Gerald Kaufman caught David Waddington smiling and complained that he found the 'sneers on the face of the government Whip most offensive.' A vote was taken on the hours of the sitting and they all came back after dinner.

During that evening the opposition talked without pause about County Court proceedings, and referred to bundles of press-cuttings which had, apparently, been culled from the library during the dinner interval. The government sat back, resigned to the inevitable, and the Minister went through his Engagements Diary with his Secretary. Only noisy yawns broke the monotony until John Heddle made an ill-judged complaint and brought down on his head a savage retort from Kaufman about the 'real filibusters' which had been carried out by the government Members when they were in opposition. He continued his speech until John Tilley was ready to take over, with quotes from the *Paddington Mercury*. Tilley always had a fund of information about appalling 'holiday lets' which had come to his notice through the Campaign for Private Tenants' Rights — holiday-basements in back-street Paddington, for instance, at £100 a week. It was a shame to shut him up, but around midnight, when he was in full flight about Inner London housing-stress problems, the government had had enough. Stanley had established a nodding and winking relationship again with Gerald Kaufman, and notes were passed back and forth. The last note went to John Tilley, telling him to wind up and sit down, because the Minister was ready to adjourn.

DURING THE FOLLOWING two debates, just before Easter, Kaufman said the Minister was 'the most incompetent and most insulting Minister every to lead a Committee through a Bill.' Joe Dean said that, in all his years of service, he'd never known such 'intolerable behaviour,' and Kaufman said the Minister couldn't give them answers because 'his Whip hadn't told him what to say.' Losing control completely, he pointed at David Waddington and screeched, 'He's behind it all!'

Nevertheless, the opposition were called back to debate late into the night on 1 April. In the small hours they had to consider Clause 86, which deals with the whole spectrum of local authority housing finance. Kaufman made a final protest that they should not, with tired minds, debate the subject then. He pointed out that every other person in the Palace of Westminster had gone home to bed. The Minister said the government still felt it had to 'make progress' but, if the Rt Hon. Gentleman cared to step outside into the corridor, they might be able to agree a point at which proceedings could stop. The two Leaders withdrew and came back ten minutes later to announce complete agreement that Part VI of the Bill should be finished that night. When votes were called sleepy ushers threw open the doors and boomed into empty corridors that there was a 'Division in Room 11.' They sat until 4.20 a.m. and Allan Roberts (Lab., Bootle) said the only good thing about it was that it enabled him to have four breakfasts.

The opposition had already lost on most of the things they cared about and, on the day of the Easter Recess, Gerald Kaufman had news for them. The Leader of the House was preparing a guillotine motion for the Committee and, coupled with the late-night sitting, he regarded it as a piece of 'sharp practice of the most disgraceful kind.' He said:

> I believe that too much that goes on in the House of Commons is kept private, and I make these comments partly so that the general public who read our proceedings will know what happened.

The Committee came back to work after the Easter Recess with the guillotine motion poised to drop. They had, by its terms, to complete work by midnight on 1 May, within a maximum of 47 sittings. Thereafter it was a matter for pragmatists to decide where useful points could be made and the others left on the floor. There was a debate on local-authority mortgage rates, but much housing association stuff went by on skids. Almost everything concerning service-charges and private rents was lost. There was a small punch-up about tenants' associations and a larger one about leaseholders' rights to repairs. In dwindling Parliamentary time there was a discussion about banana imports into Bootle (Allan Roberts), with detailed information about banana plantations abroad (Geoffrey Finsberg). Jack Straw talked about the rising cost of pulling the communication cord on a railway train. The Welsh Members gave Leasehold Reform a good airing, and the rest of the Committee looked bored until Dafydd Thomas, hands clasped under his chin in passionate intensity, pitched into the B.P. Pension Fund. Those Members believing in institutional investment in property had to wake up and spring to its defence.

Committee members devoted a large amount of time to constituency problems

In the whole three months the most abused words were 'flexible' and 'discretionary'. They could be terms of praise for government policy when Ministers wished to pass responsibility down to local-authority level, and terms of abuse when Ministers found the opposition trying to remove some over-riding power held by central government. The most surprising feature of the Committee was the amount of time that each Hon. Member was able to devote to constituency problems. Manchester, Ardwick, loomed largest over all. Gerald Kaufman could relate everything and anything to some unfortunate constituent, whom he would

Lucky for some

SOME PARTS OF the Housing Bill at least received serious and detailed consideration. On 15 January in the House of Commons Tory M.P. Nicholas Scott pointed out that there was no provision for the tenants the Crown Estate. As the Crown Commissioners are civil servants, these tenants — some 2,000 of whom are in London — appeared to be in the public sector but were ot being given the same fight to buy as council tenants. In February, Gerald Kaufman proposed an amendment in committee giving these tenants the same security of tenure as public-sector tenants under the Tenants Charter. This followed energetic lobbying of the whole of the committee by the Ponsonby Terrace Residents Association, a small pleasant road near the Tate Gallery where several Members of Parliament live. Kaufman's amendment was turned down, but the government promised to return to the matter 'at a later date'.

On 14 May, in reply to a planted question in the House of Commons, Michael Heseltine said that 'the Commissioners have concluded that their tenancies should be formally included within the Rent Acts and associated legislation.' This must have missed the attention of the Ponsonby Terrace Residents Association as five days later William Shelton (Cons Streatham and Chairman of the PRTA) declared his interest and protested that there had not been proper consultation about the government amendment dealng with the Crown Estates. Everyone expected the amendment in the Lords, he said, giving enough time for consultation. Shelton was supported by another Ponsonby Terrace resident, Roger Moate (Cons Faversham), who wanted Crown Estate tenants to have the right to buy but did not want the Rent Acts to apply to them as this would prevent them from selling their leases for a premium.

Heseltine, insisting that the Crown Commissioners operated in the private sector, withdrew the amendment, promising a new one for the House of Lords. During the course of the next few weeks a group of tenants and MPs met the commissioners and then the Secretary of State to put forward their views. On 3 July the government presented a new amendment in the House of Lords both giving Crown Estate tenants Rent Act protection and — unlike any other Rent Act tenants — the right to charge full market premiums on leases. This was accepted by the Labour Opposition, led by Baroness Birk, a Crown Estate tenant from Hanover Terrace.

The extreme usefulness of having influential friends to take up your problems as a tenant was well illustrated. Earlier the same day Lord Goodman had made a brilliant and emotional speech begging the government to scrap a clause which abolished 'controlled tenancies' — those historically low-rented private tenancies with few basic amenities. Calling on his experience as a Poor Man's Lawyer in the East End of London he begged for comparison for these 200,000, mainly elderly, tenants. Lady Birk pointed out that there was to be an auction the following Thursday of such tenancies when the properties were to be bought by speculators as investments. The House of Lords was filled with moral indignation but as the 200,000 tenants affected by the clause did not have the support of the residents of Ponsonby Terrace, Lord Goodman's amendment was defeated.

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name, and then, no doubt, despatch *Hansard* to that address the next morning. He related the problems of 'Fort Ardwick', a monstrous block of flats in his constituency with shocking heating problems, and there was a graphic description of a lady who lived in fear of missiles coming over her fence from the Longsight Cricket Club. The Manchester experience hogged the limelight because there were two ex-Chairmen of Housing for the City of Manchester on the Committee (Joe Dean and Allan Roberts). Jack Straw tried to counter with the Islington experience (where he had been a councillor). John Tilley had tales from Lambeth. Geoffrey Finsberg seemed to hear exclusively from 'old ladies' in Hampstead, and Tony Durant from 'widows and pensioners' in Reading. Even the Minister had constituency problems with sewage farms in Tonbridge & Malling, but that didn't score as much as old-age pensioners in the Rhondda, who couldn't get up the hills and needed suitable accommodation down in the valleys, which would be sold off and lost forever.

STANDING COMMITTEE 'F' MET for the last time at its Forty-Sixth Sitting on 30th April and had a punch-up about back-to-back housing. A minor drafting amendment had been found which repealed legislation that prevented the building of back-to-backs, which is not just a descriptive expression but a technical building term for a cluster of houses which support one another structurally, sharing one or more wall, with resulting inadequacy of ventilation and insulation. Geoffrey Finsberg said that we now had all the advantages of 'improved design and modern methods of ventilation' and we could afford to relax standards a little. Gerald Kaufman said that thousands of people were living miserable lives thanks to the 'advantages in design' perpetrated on them by people who 'do not avail themselves of the same advantages for their own housing.' In an angry debate there was a Division and the vote was won for back-to-backs by 9 votes to 8, and Gerald Kaufman said it was a good day for speculative builders. The issue didn't surface again in the Commons or the Lords.

Banana plantations received a special mention

During the last Sitting of the Standing Committee there were many Divisions on the Employment Bill in the main House and it was obvious that a number of Hon. Members had dined well. Allan Roberts said it was 'like the end of term' and added that he'd already written his speech for Report Stage. Miss Fookes remarked that 'some Hon. Members are behaving like a group of schoolboys at the back of the classroom,' and Allan Roberts dug Jack Straw in the ribs, and roared with laughter when he nearly fell to the floor. Then the Minister rose to express, on behalf of the whole Committee, the warmest appreciation and gratitude to Miss Fookes. He said he'd never served on a Committee where the Chairman had 'more capably and more charmingly' conducted the proceedings. He thanked his own Hon. Friends and gave Mr Finsberg a special mention for his knowledge of banana plantations. He then said how much he'd appreciated the way in which Mr Kaufman had conducted himself, and was grateful for the 'tremendous insight which the Rt Hon. Gentleman has given us into his constituency work and activities.'

Gerald Kaufman rose to make his ritual speech and echoed the Minister's praises for the Chair, but excelled himself. 'It may have been 136 hours,' he said, 'Miss Fookes, but with you it seemed only 134.' He thanked the Minister for the way 'he has conducted these proceedings,' adding that, 'it has been as agreeable a Committee as any I have sat on during my time in the House . . . and most of that must be due to the very fine way the Minister has conducted himself.' Janet Fookes said, 'I have rarely presided over such a good-humoured and happy Committee and when, as we sometimes do, Chairman of different Committees have compared notes, I have always spoken of this Committee with great pride.'

The whole Parliamentary process is free theatre, but Standing Committees give the closest view. A proposal will come before the House of Commons shortly that Standing Committees should be able to take direct evidence in future, from relevant organisations or individuals. They usually meet on Tuesdays and Thursdays and information can be obtained by telephoning the Committees Administrator at the House of Commons on 01-219-4330. The Whips' offices provide the names of Members selected for Committee work and they appreciate an audience. Tony Durant once looked in on the Local Government Bill's Standing Committee and complained that it was as 'dull as ditchwater — nobody there.'

On 28 February, at the Sixteenth Sitting, Dafydd Elis Thomas said, 'The public very often has the view that, when we meet in Standing Committee, we are actually meeting to discuss the merits of issues. Too often that is not the case.' A Housing Adviser from the London Borough of Brent sitting next to me agreed. During that week, in the Housing Provision Unit where she worked, there had been three incidents of violence on Reception in so many days, including one where a colleague had been grabbed by the throat across the counter and nearly strangled by an applicant who couldn't understand why there was no housing available. If she'd been allowed to give evidence she would have told the Minister that. But he might have been nodding and winking at the Leader of the Opposition.

John Minnion

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Rivka Fried on bad news for democracy in the Middle East

Begin squeezes Israeli TV

ISRAEL is a country where breaking news often has a direct bearing on its inhabitants: Israelis, as a result, are obsessive media consumers. Each hour is punctuated by the radio signal of news bulletins: in the evenings darkened windows and balconies reflect the fluorescence of television. In the twelve years since it was first introduced in 1968, Israel Television has probably become the single most influential source of news. In the past, television journalists and broadcasters have enjoyed a freedom to report and comment virtually unimpeded by the government. But this freedom, they say, is now under threat from the Begin government.

The reverberations were beginning to be felt in July 1979, when the Broadcasting Authority directors decided against appointing the head of television, Arnon Zuckerman, to a third term. The move was seen as political, raising an outcry among sections of the public and press. The *Jerusalem Post* was vituperative:

> What made Mr Zuckerman anathema was his adamant refusal to take any outside political dictation: his successful insulation of his staff from indecent party pressure.

More than one hundred loyal workers staged the first mass demonstration in television's history. The evening news was presented by the country's most popular newsreader and head of news, Haim Yavin, whose baby-faced good looks have rendered him Jerusalem's answer to Reginald Bosanquet. His parting shot was: 'The end of an era . . . a sad day for Israel Television.'

TODAY, less than fourteen months later, it appears that the prophecy has been fulfilled. On 2 November Mr. Yavin was succeeded by a new head of news. His three-year term has been difficult, spanning some of the most turbulent and demoralising years in the country's history. The news department — regarded by many as the last bastion of independence in TV — has come under increasing attack from both the government and public; slogans such as 'left-wing mafia' and 'PLO agents' have been flung about. But this time there are no more banners, no demonstration. The atmosphere at Israel Television is much more subdued.

Haim Yavin is a pleasant dark-haired man with a round, open face and an easy, yet decidedly firm manner. His voice, when I interviewed him during the final weeks of his term, betrayed hardly a trace of bitterness. But the message was clear. 'If there had been only professional consideration,' he said, 'they would have extended it (his contract). But they had other considerations.'

Says Yavin: 'the board was always comprised of writers and intellectuals. It is the first time that it is comprised of people who are mainly politicians . . . and right wing ones.'

HIS ALLEGATION seems to be correct. The board chairman, Professor Reuven Yaron, a known supporter of Prime Minister Menachem Begin, reportedly remarked during a recent controversy over West Bank coverage that there was no need to hand over the microphone to so-called hostile elements. 'It is adequate for the announcer to report the statements of mayors in Judea and Samaria (the West Bank). The fact that the BBC can broadcast their remarks doesn't mean that they have to appear on our television.'

There were other changes: the head of Hebrew language programming was not renewed when his contract expired; a controversial talk show was shut down after the host star left, some say in disgust. The crunch apparently came with the appointment of a new director-general, Yosef Lapid, a right-winger and former newspaper columnist ('where more than once he called us a leftist mafia', says Yavin.) The ousted head of television, Arnon Zuckerman, believes Lapid misused his editing priveleges. His judgments 'were not made on a professional journalistic basis. It was completely on a very personal sort of attitude and service to the people who sent him to try to make law and order in television.'

Others speak of Mr Lapid's oppression, although he softened his earlier approach after meeting strong resistance from journalists and editors. 'He stopped chopping news items, but not what I call his oppression,' says Yavin. 'Of free discussion, of delicate things, provocative things. So that television as a whole today is very subdued.' His assessment of his superiors is unequivocal. 'The government has its agents

inside the Broadcasting Authority. I think Mr Lapid is one agent . . . by "agent" I mean people who share the views of the government; they don't see the sovereignty of the Authority as a value.'

THE STRUGGLE between the news department and the board came to a head with what became known as the 'Bassam Shakaa affair'. Mr Shakaa, the mayor of the West Bank town of Nablus, who has since lost both his legs in a car bombing, was interviewed last November after the government ordered his expulsion. Lapid rejected the film. Says Yavin: 'They said you can't interview a mayor who preaches for the murder of Jewish kids, and we said the man held a press conference and we have to show it . . . They said no, you can't.'

The evening news was blacked out for nearly three minutes in protest, and viewers were told that for considerations 'other than journalistic reasons we cannot bring you a report on Bassam Shakaa.'

The board subsequently passed a ruling which would have compelled Israeli journalists to obtain permission from either the head of radio or television before interviewing a West Bank mayor. Fortunately the resolution, which Yavin calls an internal political censorship, was never enforced. 'We said forget it, we never will abide by it. . . this was one reason why they said: goodbye Yavin'.

The Broadcasting Authority's spokesman, Moshe Amirav, denies that television has come under greater pressure in the past year, or that journalists' activities are curtailed. 'Whatever happens in the West Bank, the Israeli public should know about it, for good or bad.' On the other hand, he adds, 'the minute you give the camera to a member of the PLO, or someone who identifies himself with the aims of the PLO. . . we as a state national television don't have to give him the floor.'

Amirav says there have been pressures from the viewers, the Israeli public, for less West Bank affairs and interviews with Palestinians. He put forward public disapproval of the news department as one of the reasons for Yavin's ousting, because it placed 'too much emphasis on negative things happening in the country.'

The pressures probably do exist to an extent. A veteran newspaper woman told me television journalists had in the past been branded as traitors for showing films on the aftermath of Israeli air raids into Lebanon. Yavin explains: 'we live in a very hard period. . . the Palestinian problem is tearing Israel apart. Some say you have to have settlements (in the occupied territories) the others say no, you have to evacuate. We argue that you have to bring all the information and encourage public debate on this very very central problem.'

WHERE DOES all this leave the television journalists themselves? In a word: demoralised. The editor of a weekly current affairs programme, Yael Chen, insists that the department does not represent any faction. It has consistently maintained, under the former Labour regime as well, the same approach of exposing disturbing problems and central issues 'which every television worth its name must deal with'. The difference today is that 'we now live with a feeling of near persecution. You know they'll come to you with complaints over every issue'.

Another correspondent went even further. 'The gravest thing of all is that censorship has become self-censorship, he says. Before a correspondent approaches a topic he asks himself what will please or enrage the politicians in the government coalition.'

Others believe that such an approach to journalism inevitably results in a deterioration of standards to the danger zone of censorship. The former head of television is one such person. You (the journalist) get tired. You have a good idea and you think: what the hell am I going to do? I'm going to fight, it's going to be censored. . . .

'And that's a big danger. You have to quarrel on every story, you get tired . . . and after a while you find the screen has changed.'

In what way are the changes manifest in the finished product — the television output? The differences as yet are subtle: a friend in Tel Aviv spoke of attempts to set up 'rose-coloured television.' Arnon Zuckerman believes that today, one year later, there is far less criticism of the government's activities, and other aspects as well. 'Issues that I think are the bone of our existence, relations with the Arab world and the Palestinians, don't exist any more on the screen,' he says. 'All the interviews are much less aggressive, more nice interviews'. The end of an era indeed.

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London Diary

I promised myself that I would tell the following story if Harold Wilson ever again shot off his mouth; the very same mouth that taught my generation the meaning of the word 'dissemble'. Odd though it may seem, Michael Foot and I have a friend or two in common. One such friend heard this from Foot during the last Labour government. It seems that Foot was withdrawing from a routine audience with Her Majesty the Queen in his capacity as Lord President. She detained him, and told him in unmistakeable tones that Wilson had never advertised to her his intention of resigning as Prime Minister. Since Wilson has always claimed that he told her well in advance, I think he should keep absolutely silent on all matters until he has furnished us with an explanation.

Last week I tried to argue that, even on the evidence of his own latest book, Michael Foot is an essentially counterfeit radical. I did not expect to be joined so soon in my opinion by Foot's friend and admirer Enoch Powell. Reviewing the volume in the *Sunday Telegraph,* he naturally found it written in 'an almost faultless English' (I love that 'almost') as well as displaying Foot's well known qualities of 'warm and friendly humour'. He then said this:

> Over and over it comes through that he is a nationalist — he does not eschew, I notice, the word 'patriot' — and what is more, he has feelings which in anyone else would be identified as racialist (a quality no true patriot can lack) and chauvinist.

Now, I don't know about you, but if that was written about me I would sue. When can we expect Foot to demand that the *Sunday Telegraph* retract this foul innuendo?

The commercial television carve-up is approaching a condition of hysteria, with ignorant and well-heeled armies clashing by day and by night. I have found it soothing and useful, in my non-television household, to curl up with Jack Tinker's book *The Television Barons* (Quartet £7.95). It's easy to forget how the Grades, Bernsteins, Frosts and Cadburys got their hands on the networks in the first place, and easier still to forget how they have run them. It was Nick Tomalin who drew from Lew Grade the modest reflection that 'I seemed to have the knack of knowing which acts would succeed.' Buried somewhere in there is the reason for the state of our screens. So it was with a sense of inevitability that I learned, late last week, of a letter from Lord Goodman's firm to Tinker's publishers. They want the book withdrawn from sale and they act, if my information is correct, for Yorkshire Television. I hope Quartet tell them to shove it, but I recommend panic buying of the book in the meantime.

Desperate cases lead to desperate arguments. I notice that a new one has appeared among the defenders of the nuclear 'deterrent'. Lord Chalfont recently asked Mary Kaldor, in a television debate, whether she believed that Hiroshima would have been saved by a Japanese nuclear weapon system. Now I see Professor Michael Howard, replying to Edward Thompson in *Encounter,* making use of the same point — 'that it was precisely the *absence* of any Japanese deterrent retaliatory capacity that made the infliction of such suffering possible.' These are crocodile tears indeed. Isn't it clear to the meanest intelligence that if Imperial Japan had possessed nuclear weapons it would have used them first? Probably on India, and certainly on China, neither of which could have relied on what is satirically called the American nuclear umbrella.

In the same issue of *Encounter* is an excellent article by Wolfgang Leonhard on the Russian empire, and an absolutely brilliant attack on Han Suyin by Simon Leys. The Howard piece, too, is not as laughable as I may have made it sound. I don't know where I would have read these contributions if not in *Encounter,* so I must risk ostracism in some quarters and say that I hope, very much, that the magazine survives. It now receives a subsidy from the Arts Council rather than the plumbers of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, but is still in grave difficulties. Melvyn Lasky and Anthony Thwaite would like to hear from anybody with suggestions.

Jonathan Dimbleby's documentary on the bomb, which I watched with consuming interest, also had Hiroshima at its centre. We were shown a young woman, demented and unable to care for herself, who was a victim of radiation sickness. Somehow it was more horrible to learn that she had been damaged while still in her mother's womb as a two-month-old foetus. Yet there she was, recognisably and undeniably a human being. What I want to ask is this. It might have been better to abort her. But what purpose is served by those proponents of abortion on demand when they maintain that there is no such thing as 'the unborn child'? Anybody reaching for their pen at this point should believe me when I say that I only ask because I want to know.

Talking of things that are nauseating to see, I have just finished an article translated from the Czechoslovak Communist Party weekly *Tvorba.* Here, after some delay, is the reply of officialdom to the case of Julius Tomin. It is written by one Radovan Richta, who styles himself Professor. It reminds me of the worst days of Zhdanov in its reliance upon slander and innuendo. Tomin is described as 'an excessively ambitious and mentally unstable person with a proclivity towards exhibitionism.' His record as a teacher and as an author of works on philosophy is, quite literally, abolished — Richta denies that he ever held a qualification or ever published any articles. The *New Statesman* is, I am glad to say, mentioned and misquoted. In his reply, Julius drily points out that his dissertation is specifically quoted in a volume on Descartes published in Prague and adds, 'I hope that this remark does not lead to the disappearance of the book from Czechoslovak libraries.' Those who would like to hear Julius for themselves should attend the seminar, sponsored by the Campaign for Academic Freedom and Democracy, at the LSE at 3.00 on Saturday 13 December. The subject is 'Intellectual Freedom and State Repression.'

The *New Statesman* did not take the view that the Turkish military coup was a statesmanlike rescue operation. The rest of the British press did and does. Perhaps that is why the suppression of the Turkish press gets so little coverage here. First came *Aydinlik* ('Clarity'). Now we have the closure of *Cumhurriyet* ('Republic'). Oddly, both these papers are left of centre in a predominantly conservative spectrum. So something must be wrong with the military impartiality machine. Then again, Mr Sadi Ozansu has been sentenced to seven years and six months 'heavy' imprisonment by a martial law court in Istanbul for *translating* a Marxist book into Turkish. And reports from the Kurdish provinces speak of a free hand for the soldiery and all that implies. There is, I am glad to say, a Committee for the Defence of Democratic Rights in Turkey. It can be contacted at 28-29 Parkfield Street, London N1.

I may send them some of the money I won by betting on Reagan and Foot. I am slightly ashamed of this double, and many of those who took me on are too ashamed to pay up. I was appalled to learn that Nicholas Fairbairn MP, hero of last week's punch-up in Parliament, bet the same way. He's the very model of the Thatcherite ninny, and it must have hurt Ian Mikardo, bookmaker to the Palace of Westminster, to pay over the substantial winnings. Still, he did so by issuing a cheque on the Co-operative Bank, which Fairbairn claims he doesn't know how to cash. Good to see that the real Parliamentary courtesies are still being observed.

Still in the Palace, I was amused to hear that Mrs Thatcher is thoroughly bored by this week's state visit from the King of Nepal. I don't think she dislikes him for the reason I do (his persecution of the great Nepalese socialist B.P. Koirala) but she dislikes him all the same. She was saying as much in the Members' tearoom the other day, to anybody who would listen. Until up spoke Richard Needham, the languid member for Chippenham. 'Don't speak ill of young Nepal, Prime Minister' he said. 'He was my fag at Eton.'

I am not now, and have never been, a member of the Clothing and Footwear Institute. But I sympathise with them all the same. The recession pinches especially hard in their area, and they are having a crisis conference in Harrogate in the last week of this month. Some idea of the atmosphere can be gleaned in advance from this section of the agenda, sent to me by a wellwishing footwear mole.

7.30 p.m. for 8.00 p.m.	**Banquet** (Majestic Hotel) Guest Speaker: The Rt. Hon. Sir Keith Joseph, MP Secretary of State for Industry Followed by star Cabaret: Ken Dodd

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Any Briton who appeals to the European Court of Human Rights is a traitor, says Enoch Powell. — *Sunday Times* (G. Moor)

Earlier, Mr Prior had also been snubbed by union leaders at the ICI plant in Billingham, when they refused to meet him as he toured the plant. Mr Prior said: 'I am always disappointed when people don't meet me. I regard refusing to meet me as a negation of the democratic process.' — *Guardian* (Peter Haywood)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Target Britain

From David Wendon

I do not doubt that the details and statistics in 'Target Britain' (NS 31 October) are accurate and it is also debatable whether, in case of a major attack, this country would be at all defensible, but. . .

If there is to be a defence, surely it is preferable for this country not to have to bear too high a cost for it, and, furthermore, whether we are defended by American bases or not, if 'some future enemy' wishes to attack us, such bases will not in any way increase his desire to attack us. As it is, we will always be associated in his mind as being an automatic ally of the Americans. One would have thought that socialists would be in favour of a drastic reduction in defence costs rather then adding to them.

4 Corton Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk

From Keith Reeves

Withdrawal of base facilities for the United States should be immediate. It would be a step towards disarmament and make the future of our island more promising. While the US has such facilities, we remain first strike targets. If we withdrew these facilities, we would be lessening the threat of theatre war to the whole of Europe. And finally, the political implications would be felt throughout Washington and might make the Senate think of restarting the SALT talks.

28 Holken Street, Keighley, W. Yorks

From Tony Judt

Duncan Campbell's objections to the bases whose presence he 'revealed' are the fact that they are American, that they are not chiefly for the 'defence of Britain' and lastly that they are used to spy on the USSR. If World War III is fought in Europe this will be for one of two reasons. Either the US and the USSR will be fighting over matters that concern us as US allies or else we shall be fighting the USSR over matters that concern us directly. There is no difference — as long as we share common interests with the USA we have no moral grounds for claiming the right to avoid a conflict which threatens them.

All the 'mays' in his final paragraph render Campbell's opinions hard to guess at, though I imagine he is at one with Thompson, Kaldor et al in believing that an absence of nuclear arms in East and West Europe alike would leave the big baddies to fight it out without harming us. The cynical answer to that is that the Czechs have nothing to lose, while we do. This being so, we dare not leave it to the Americans to defend it for us, smugly ejecting Cruise from East Anglia while secretly hoping that the same missile based in Utah will perform the same function should we need it. And if consistency in these matters requires that the US at Croughton 'even' intercept Soviet meteorological data (oh moral shame!), then I fail to see the objection, unless it be that it is the Americans who are doing it.

This I find very strange. Campbell is clearly a man who lives and breathes a commitment to the right of access to information, which makes his evident distaste for the most open of all western societies all the odder. And what of the NS itself with the cheap xenophobic cover? Where is your commitment to the sort of rights for which this country desperately needs a Bill? Where your faith in the people's right to know, your anger at the inequalities of race and sex, all matters so very much better ordered in the US?

St Anne's College, Oxford

Rights for Europeans

From Karin Landgren

It is unfortunate that the government feels it necessary to invoke the spectre of withdrawing the right of individual petition to the European Human Rights Commission (London Diary NS 31 October). It is not, however, 'unique among major signatories' in its equivocation in this regard. France has not been equivocal, true — but has consistently denied the right of individual petition to all within its jurisdiction.

18 rte de la Maladiere, 1217 Meyrin Village, Switzerland

Doing a Turkey in Greese

From Paul Collard

Claudia Wright's article (NS 31 October) does credit neither to the NS nor to reporting on that part of the world in general. I will not attempt to refute her wilder speculations, since they are cast in terms that she admits are 'impossible to confirm'. It is, in fact, a paper thesis erected almost entirely on foundations of rumour ('A Greek parliamentarian has suggested that. . .'; 'Intelligence sources say Greece *may*. . .'; 'There have been reports in aviation circles. . .' and so on). Incredible.

A few points briefly. Greece rejoined NATO because there was a breakthrough at the last moment, when Turkey ceased to insist on the re-definition or abandonment of the pre-1974 command and control areas in the Aegean. The Greek government, in short, had got pretty well what it wanted.

Second, no Aegean air space has been ceded to any 'Turkish claim'. Ms Wright should have studied the parliamentary debate in Athens, a week before her piece appeared, when Prime Minister Rallis affirmed that for NATO purposes Greek air space had been regarded as extended to six miles *since 1960,* and that this fact had no implications whatever for bilateral relations with anybody, NATO members included.

Third, the terms for the new US bases agreement with Greece are not 'still secret'. They are still being negotiated.

Fourth, I challenge Ms Wright to produce any evidence for her assertion the Defence Minister Averof has 'negotiated his own pact with the US'.

Averof, she says, 'is thought capable of trying to destabilise parliamentary politics and to pave the way for a military coup'. By whom, might one ask, is he 'thought capable'? I hold no special brief for Mr Averof, but I would point out that not even his bitterest enemies in Athens have stooped to print such opinions.

If it has any effect at all, journalism of this kind can itself only serve to destabilise Greek democracy. I am sure this was not the intention of the NS.

39 Donaldson Road, London NW6

Women in the NUTGW

From Alec Smith, General Secretary, NUTGW

The number of women on the executive board of the National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers is five, not one as indicated in the table 'Women in the Unions' (NS 7 November). Seven, not six, of our delegates to the TUC were women. Six of these were from the nine delegates from branches.

As a union, we give every encouragement to all our members to play an active role. Indeed, the deputy general secretary, Mrs Anne Spencer, is the only woman elected to such a position in a union of this size. Dame Ann Loughlin, the first woman to preside over the TUC, was a general secretary of this union.

However, we are not complacent but are very conscious of how far the whole trade union movement has to go before women share equally with men the power and responsibility of union office. The barriers to real equality do not exist only in trade unions. If this was so, they would be easy to overcome. Unfortunately, these barriers are ingrained throughout the system and are perpetuated via the media in all their forms.

Radlett House, West Hill, Aspley Guise, Milton Keynes

Traditional roles and the EOC

From W. Knowles, Senior Principal, EOC

The EOC welcomes the New Statesman's series of articles on 'sexism' and 'racism' in children's books. The subject of children's literature and its relationship with the promotion of equality between the sexes is of great importance to the Commission, and we welcome the New Statesman's efforts to promote a public debate on the matter.

However, we must put the record straight on two of David Caute's comments concerning the Commission. The members of the Educational Publishers' Council's working party are not nominees of the Commission. The Commission was asked to suggest experts and people with an interest in the area and it did so, but in no sense is anybody on the committee a nominee or representative of the Commission with the exception of one member of the Commission's own staff.

Mr Caute was kind enough to check out some information with the Commission before publishing, and did ask the Commission for a definition of 'sexism' in children's books. He says in his article the commission declined to define sexism. The information he requested, which we gave him in writing two weeks ago included the following, 'There is no official EOC definition of "sexism", but sexism in books, illustrations, and printed matter generally, is taken to mean wording, pictures or an over-all theme which depicts members of either sex in "traditional" roles for that sex *and* which fails to take account of the individual qualities and potential which girls, boys, women and men possess.'

EOC, Manchester

Not just cherries

From Barrie Keeffe

Disregarding the factual errors, I think Paul Allen, in his review of my play *Black Lear* (NS 10 October), was a good deal less than fair in basing his premise that it is 'self deception on the part of white writers to suggest that the focus of black anger is an administration which has been in office for less than two years' on a speech 'any white socialist could make' while conveniently omitting the occupation of the speaker and the event which led to the speech and, actually, the story of the play.

The speaker was a nurse; the focus of her anger was the painful death she had witnessed in the cancer ward of her hospital. Her criticism of Thatcherite Britain was not arbitrary, 'with a few black sentiments stuck on'. Her speech was her most immediate experience of the effect of the present and promised cuts in spending in the health service, the closure of breast cancer detection centres in parts of London and of the grief she felt on the death of someone she cared deeply for and who happened not to be black. With all these qualifications, Mr Allen may be right and any white socialist could say the same. I used the speech in this play because I heard it spoken by a nurse, who happened to be black, and who in her grief and rage forgot that she should reserve her anger exclusively for black issues.

I trust Mr Allen's cheap gags at my play and Temba's actors and production will not stop people discussing Thatcherite Britain if their skin is not white.

110 Annandale Road, London SE10

False impression

From John Palmer, European Editor, Guardian

Sub-editing compression in my article (NS 7 November) implied that the Westminster Parliament would have some right to refuse endorsement to a Tory government decision to prolong the EEC Common Agricultural Policy. This is not so. What is the case is that the CAP can continue in anything like its present form only if the EEC member states agree to raise the legal ceiling on the Common Market budget revenue. But lifting the ceiling on the one per cent VAT transfer would be an amendment to the Treaty of Rome which would require the consent of the British and other national parliaments. I was, incidentally, not trying to argue a socialist case against withdrawal but a socialist case against withdrawal on a nationalist basis and for a positive European socialist strategy.

The Guardian, International Press Centre, 1140 Brussels

Correction corrected again

From Rayner Heppenstall

I have only just seen Christopher Sykes's letter (NS 10 October). I cannot see that a name is any the less false for having also been used by the late Evelyn Waugh. I am reluctant to say anything complimentary about Sykes but it does seem decent of him to provide a clear identification of Kurkweiler with me. This is bound to ease the task of any barrister I may employ to bring him to book for his libels.

2 Gilford Road, Deal, Kent

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Odd man in

In the general social levelling-out process in which we are all currently and, in some cases, painfully and reluctantly engaged, true eccentrics can exist no more which is a pity for, though usually rich and self-indulgent and quite fairly useless, they did brighten the scene. Dukes, as Brian Masters has so splendidly and fully informed us, could often be relied on for unusual behaviour and one's mind flies (I am at the moment away from 'Myrtlebank' and my books of reference and in, of all unexpected and delightful places, Anglesey, but the details are firmly engraved on memory's tablets) to the 5th Duke of Portland who had eighty-six wigs, tied up his trouser legs with string and, if stared at (he had a bulbous nose with enormous warts on it) hid behind an open umbrella. There was also a fine Duke of St Albans who refused to be moved from a hotel that had caught fire and was burning fiercely ('Nonsense! Bring me some more toast.'). But all that sort of merriment is long since over and so, throughout my life, I have had for enjoyment to make do with really very minor eccentricities in others, such as, in our Devon village of Appleton, dear Miss Entwhistle's inability to say 'drinks party' or whatever and her constant use of the word 'function' as a noun indicating a social gathering. 'You *are* coming to my function, aren't you?' she screams (warm sherry and Twiglets), or 'Shall I see you at the Bultitudes' function?' (champers and a wide range of expensive canapés). Even when I see, as I sometimes do in hotels, a notice saying FUNCTION ROOM, it has to me an outlandish look.

Our newest public personality, the wholly admirable and engaging Mrs Woodhouse, can in no way be described as eccentric, although she is alleged on one occasion to have muddled owner with dog and to have shrieked '*Sit*, Mrs Howlett!': but that was mere absent-mindedness. However, in her canine field, I have known one minor eccentric, a lady resident in Camberley. I have no sympathy at all (and I return to Camberley in a jiffy) with those who object on aesthetic or other grounds to our M roads. In several instances they have allowed small towns and villages to go back to their original peaceful state (for many years the entire motor traffic to the South West passed through Chudleigh, a charming little town that is now its old self again). With their gradual gradients, they sit very snugly on the landscape and take travellers through some beautiful stretches of country that they might not otherwise have seen and, from the number of kestrels, if such they be, that one sees hovering along their verges, they must have improved the quality of many kinds of wild life, now safe from interference. But before the appearance of the handy M3 and M4, my route to the west in my B registration Goodwood green Ford Cortina (still going strong and a real chum) lay through the town of Camberley.

I never drive fast (a steady 42 mph, occasionally revving up to 48 in really favourable conditions and if in devil-may-care mood) and I always observe the 30 mph limit and so it was no sort of hardship to me to drive really slowly, ignoring testy honks from behind, through Camberley for it was here that, if my luck was in, a remarkable sight was to be seen coming along the pavement — a vast pack of assorted dogs of every age, breed, size, colour and sex. There seemed to be about fifty of them, though I dare say that it was half that, each one secured by a lengthy piece of string to a wooden box on wheels, with the entire caravan convoyed by a lady of indeterminate age, plainly too busy with her charges to waste much of her time on personal adornment. It was she who propelled the box (full of what? Bones? Tins of Pal? Sticks for throwing? Whistles?) and I have never seen a more contented or better behaved (well up to the most exacting Woodhouse standards) lot of animals. Nobody snarled at a passing Pekinese or attempted a hasty excuse-me at a lamppost. Nobody paused to snuffle at a wall. Orderly progress forwards was, like the Conservatives, the party line. She was, I like to think, a lady who collected and cared for stray dogs and who had, perhaps, devoted most of her life to them. There are worse devotions and I only hope that she exists still.

NS readers, greatly enjoying in 'This England' their weekly ration of newspaper oddities and characteristic British behaviour, will be glad to hear of a toiler in these rich pastures who, snipping and pasting, not only began in the final decade of the last century, when eccentrics flourished, but whose press cuttings cover the years from 1892 to 1949 and are contained in 45 fat albums miraculously discovered in 1965 in an antique shop in Camden Passage, Islington.

This original This Englander or, rather, This Worlder, was George Ives, bastard son of an army officer and who became a very unmilitary poet and intellectual, educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge (leading member of the Chess and Draughts Club) and an admirer and acquaintance of Oscar Wilde, with all that that might imply. Ives himself had his share of mild eccentricities (his house was always full of melons, and he carried his gas-mask everywhere long after World War II was over) and we are fortunate indeed that his treasured volumes, each album carefully indexed (KISSING, FLOGGING, MIDWIFERY, SUICIDE), have been plundered for our delight by Paul Sieveking with his keen eye for the bizarre, his selection being now published under the title *Man Bites Man* by Jay Landesman Ltd at a cost of £6.50 and with an excellent note on Ives himself by Jeremy Brooks.

Plunge one's hand where one may in this treasure-packed bran-pie, one's fingers clutch something of value, each item carefully dated. Did you know that in 1937 'churkeys' were being bred in Kent from a union between a cock turkey and a chicken, the unorthodox mating being under the personal supervision of a Mrs Cuckoo? Do you remember that in 1929 the late rector of Bisley left his entire estate for a fund to provide knickers for boys (a snap shows the Reverend in pensive mood)? And knowing the charming naïveté of some Americans, would it amaze you to hear that in 1940 over a million people sent postal orders to a Mrs Edna Ballard of Los Angeles (known to all as Sweet Saint Joan) who guaranteed to provide them with everlasting life through the post. Some of the headlines alone are well worth pondering on before hastening excitedly to the accompanying text. 'Facetious Ghost Hits a Policeman in the Eye with Half-a-pound of Butter.' 'Fatal Diet of Nails and Hatpins'. 'Dentist Robs Women of Teeth to Satisfy a Craving'. 'Man Slashes at Children's Boots'. 'Pastor Roamed at Night in Feminine Attire to Test Morals'. 'Ghost Bus of Kensington' (1934 double-decker covering the Cambridge Gardens — Ladbroke Grove route). 'Bride was "Man" for 50 Years'. 'Pastor Pushed from Pulpit in Uproar' and 'Princess Changes her Faith in Mid-Air'.

Our late enemy doesn't come off any too well and had you ever realised that the Angels of Mons, those celestial visions which so cheered the more gullible of our gallantly retreating soldiers in Flanders in August, 1914, were really motion pictures thrown by the devilish Hun on a 'screen' of foggy white cloudbanks from cinema projectors mounted in the nose of German aircraft, the intention being to induce the departing troops to hurl away their rifles and take to prayer ('On the command "kneel" . . .'). The ingenious plan, the accuracy of which some people disbelieved, misfired, as we know, but the device was said to have worked splendidly on the Russian front, the Virgin, a far more authoritative figure, being substituted for the angels, though here too there were scoffers. Then in 1915 there was a report that Prussian officers were using in the trenches, to encourage those understandably reluctant to go over the top, cats-o'-nine-tails (not too easy to wield satisfactorily, I would have thought). Even as recently as 1941, and under a heading which said ROUGED GERMAN AIRMEN, we were asked to believe that two bomber airmen shot down had waved hair, rouged cheeks, painted lips and enamelled nails, both finger and toe, though what comfort this revelation brought to the people of Coventry is not stated.

Roger Woddis

Childish voices

A school hymn about public spending on war research has been condemned by the chairman of Dover Young Conservatives as 'introducing politics into schools through the back door.'

All things bright and beautiful,
  All creatures great and small,
All dim Young Conservatives,
  The Lord God made them all.

Each little clueless Tory,
  Each nana who complains,
He made their childish voices,
  He made their tiny brains:

The bomb that makes you bankrupt,
  The germ that makes you die,
The flash before the fireball
  That brightens up the sky:

The sub that rapes a city,
  The ultra-phallic gun,
The missiles in their silos,
  He made them every one:

He gave us heads of sawdust,
  And lips that we might drool
How wicked is assembly
  At Dover Grammar School:

All expensive armaments,
  All profits great and small,
All things for the rubbish-heap,
  The Lord God made them all.

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Social Critics & Children's Writers — background to a controversy

ROSEMARY STONES is co-editor with Andrew Mann of *Children's Book Bulletin.* They are also authors of a 12-page report entitled *Ethnic Minority Presentation in Trade Children's Books Published in Britain in the 70s.* The Society of Authors — more specifically, its Children's Writers Group (CWG) — protested. In their opinion the Stones-Mann report was both unfair and misleading.

Stones and Mann, complained the CWG, had blurred the fact that six of the 29 books cited as embodying problems of ethnic minority presentation had originally been published before the Seventies and merely reprinted or issued in paperback during the present decade. While these objections may seem relevant to a body of authors defending its own reputation against accusations of racial bias, it could well be argued that to re-issue a racist book written at an earlier date is as harmful a decision on the part of publishers as distributing one newly written.

BUT HOW 'racist' are the books castigated by Rosemary Stones and Andrew Mann? The CWG examined 23 of the titles, conceded certain points but concluded: 'The complaints made against many of these are trivial, misguided, humourless, or all three.' Ms Stones was also accused of judging books purely by their 'surface' conformity to racially and sexually acceptable attitudes, thereby ignoring that:

> . . . all books of any value consist of more than their surface. They contain and distribute inward energies, generated by the writer using means which derive from powers over which he is never in full control.

In the summer issue of *The Author,* quarterly organ of the Society of Authors, Clive King, the new chairman of the Children's Writers Group, gave Ms Stones a piece of his mind. In the autumn issue Ms Stones repaid him in full. What most clearly emerged through the smoke and thunder of battle were two sharply contrasting definitions of 'racism'. For the CWG writers it means Nazism, apartheid, the National Front. Mr King was adamant that no trade publisher in Britain had during the Seventies 'issued any children's book that in any way advocated or condoned genocide, apartheid, racial violence or expulsion of immigrants'.

AS FOR THE black and other immigrant children now living in Britain, said Mr King, 'Many of us are frequently meeting them in these classrooms, libraries and bookshops. None of us would consciously write a sentence that would intentionally embarrass or give pain to these children.' But, he added, 'we are guilty of lapses, of omissions, of the use of stereotypes, and we shouldn't mind being reminded of them'.

But not — he added — from the likes of Ms Stones whose attitude, given a little more support, 'could develop into a mindless witch-hunt that could only be thoroughly inhibiting for most good writers'. King saw Stones as a kind of Mrs Whitehouse in reverse. In his experience American publishers were now 'so beset by well-meaning pressure groups' that their policy was 'to bow to the storm and hope it will blow over. And this is beginning to happen in Europe and in this country'.

Replying, Stones accused King and his colleagues of a naive and inadequate definition of racism 'as only its more obvious excesses'. She also insisted that in criticising books for displaying a white liberal perspective, or a stereotypical view of the Third World, she by no means implied that such books should never have been published. 'This scurrilous nonsense is presumably an attempt to gag critics who say things that Clive King and his friends do not agree with.'

A new feature article by Rosemary Stones follows.

Race & sex in children's books: 2

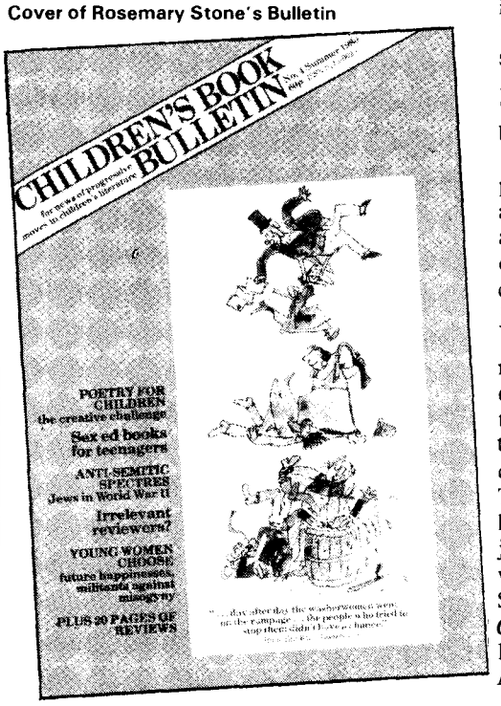
To the salt mines?

ROSEMARY STONES, who contributes the second article in the series, argues the case for the new 'social criticism'.

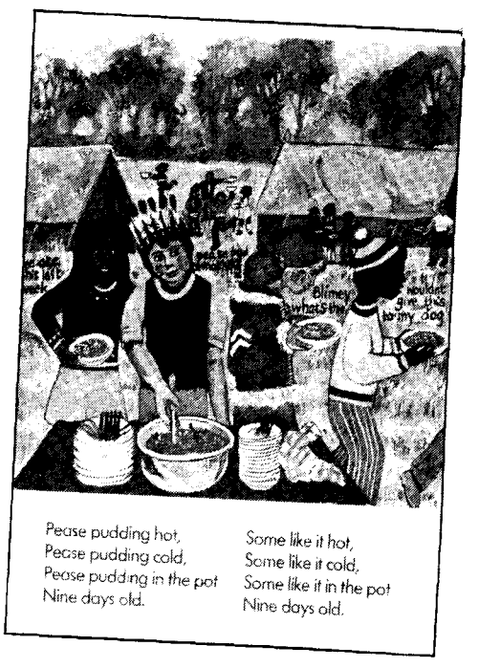
HOW LONG does it take for changes in society and for the ethical and social preoccupations of our times to be reflected in books for children? And what influence, if any, does the children's book world have in this process?

The last 10 years have seen the emergence in Britain of new voices — in particular of local working-class communities, of the Black community and of the Women's Movement. And in their wake have surfaced both some challenging new perspectives on writing for children including a vigorous 'social criticism', and a growing disquiet from some of the 'established' children's book writers and critics (often one and the same person) about what they see as unacceptable 'pressures' on them to take these new social perspectives on board.

Ten years ago, in 1970, Elaine Moss (compiler from its inception to this year of the National Book League's annual *Children's Books of the Year*) recommended Helen Bannerman's *Little Black Sambo* in a bibliography for under-fives, *Reading for Enjoyment: With 2 to 5 Year Olds.* This children's classic about a stereotypical Black boy with a stereotypical 'coon' name was the focus of a campaign among teachers and librarians in the early Seventies against racial bias in children's books. Today, *Little Black Sambo* is still in print and still sells but, 10 years on, Ms Moss (more liberal than some in debates on social issues and children's books) concedes that '. . . in the '70s about *Little Black Sambo* there was much real cause for concern' (*The Signal Approach to Children's Books,* Kestrel 1980).



Cover of Rosemary Stone's Bulletin



From *Mother Goose comes to Cable Street* by Rosemary Stones & Andrew Mann, illustrated by Dan Jones (Picture Puffins).

But this tentative and timorous recognition, from one of Britain's best known children's book critics, that the message that children's books put across to children about Black identity is a matter for 'concern', is as far as the 'established' children's book world is prepared to go; and some of its members think that's already too far. Indeed, this last year has seen a spate of stern warnings from just such critics and writers about the literary doom that will result from the new 'social criticism': '. . . with a little more power behind it . . . [social criticism] could develop into a mindless witch hunt . . .' (Clive King, *The Author,* Summer 1980); 'witch hunts . . . sermons . . . and straight-jackets for writers . . .' (Margery Fisher, *New Era,* June 1980); 'the foundations of pre-fab politikidlit have been laid' (Elaine Moss, op cit).

'1984 looms' (Moss again). But before packing our bags for the salt mines, let us examine these 'social critics' more closely. Who are they? Do they really have special power, over and above that of the 'established' children's book critics, to *impose* 'straight-jackets' on writers?

To discover who the 'social critics' are we must first set them in the context of the developments in children's publishing that took place in the Seventies. Firstly, although there have long been progressive writers for children in Britain, none (save Geoffrey Trease in his early days as a children's writer) has engaged in debate in the children's literary journals, or taken part in the 'kiddie-lit' circus with its conferences and seminars. By the late Seventies, however, Robert Leeson (*The Third Class Genie, It's My Life etc.)* and Farrukh Dhondy (*East End at Your Feet, Come to Mecca* etc), both first-rate children's book

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writers and progressives of different socialist ilks, had introduced social content into the heart of the children's book establishment.

Secondly and most recently, recession has been pulling the sales rug from underneath the institutional children's publishing outlets. Suddenly it has become necessary for children's book buyers to think out, as never before, what books to select, with tightened belts, and why.

It is from the ranks of teachers, librarians and other book buyers that the new 'social criticism' has emerged. Since 'established critics' have made themselves irrelevant by their avoidance (and even condemnation) of any extra-literary consideration, the new 'social critics' have had to work out for themselves the nature of bias in children's literature (stereotypes, omission, eurocentrism etc). In general, these social critics, who live and work with children and their books, are providing a sensitive and creative response to the practical and theoretical problems of books for children in a changing society.

COMMUNITY BOOKSHOP workers (like myself at Centerprise, Hackney, London) have found an intense interest from the community in our selecting and making available a wider range of children's books — imports from the Third World, from radical presses in North America; books which reflect multi-ethnic Britain and countries of origin; non-sexist children's books; young people's own writing; Black, women's and local history, etc, alongside a traditional stock of 'good' titles. The proliferation of Black, community, alternative and women's bookshops in Britain (from six in 1970 to about 100 in 1980) has gone hand in hand with a new awareness from the Left of the importance of books for children. There is a growing confidence in our collective ability to make more widely available a children's literature that reflects all our community and includes the very best writing for young readers — from E.B. White's *Charlotte's Web* (Puffin) to Linton Kwesi Johnson's *Dread, Beat and Blood* (Bogle L'Ouverture).

When Black parents come to Centerprise and ask confidently to see the 'Black children's books', when teenage girls ask for books about girls 'who do things', when the shop is extensively used by the local community, there is concrete evidence that we 'social critics' are not as perverse, wrong-minded and destructive as the 'established' children's book world has made us out to be.

The 'established' critic has rarely, of course, come up against the nitty gritty of choosing and using books with children from varying social conditions and in differing social situations. It is even less likely that the 'established' critic will experience a 'literary discussion' which can be used by some young readers as a platform for racist views aimed at disrupting the multi-racial classroom. Those teachers and librarians who work in areas where the National Front is successfully recruiting disaffected white youth have perforce had to take extra-literary criteria on board when using books with children. The cherished notion that a 'good book is a good book everywhere and anywhere' now begs too many questions. Jan Needle's *My Mate Shofiq* (Deutsch 1979) is a case in point — a novel for older readers about anti-Black prejudice in Bradford, the anti-racist perspective of the book emerges ironically and subtly in the in-

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terplay of characters and situations — *ergo,* an underlying sympathy for anti-racism has been assumed by the author. But say some teachers, this is a sympathy that we cannot assume to be present among our school students. Must all our children's book writers therefore didactically and firmly dot and cross the anti-racist i's and t's? It is questions such as these that 'established' critics fail to encompass or even know about. Not that 'social criticism' has easy answers but at least it's facing up to the issues.

The most striking aspect of 'established' children's literary criticism over the last few years has been the lack of imagination and generosity in its reaction to 'social criticism' and the lack of knowledge of the issues that social criticism confronts. The frequent demand from those in the field, for example, for guidelines to assess racism and sexism in children's books has been hailed with glee as the thin edge of the censorial wedge ('rules for writers!'), instead of being understood for what it really is — a request for *tools* for understanding the nature of bias in literature (however laborious and mechanistic such tools may be!). 'Social criticism' is a new approach in which guidelines are often helpful. The 'establishment' literati are too ready to exclude those 'less intelligent' people (unpublished paper from the Society of Authors Children's Writers Group, 1980), the mere users of children's books. At least guidelines are democratically available.

NO ONE FAMILIAR with the efforts being made to extend the range of literature available to young readers, and to widen the discussion of children's literature to take account of social as well as aesthetic factors, could accuse teachers, librarians, booksellers etc of applying limited, mechanistic or sectarian methods of involving children in literature.

Ironically, we now find that some 'established' writers are trying to respond creatively to the very social changes that they have refused to see as part of literary criticism. The results are not encouraging.

Clive King (of *Stig of the Dump* fame) in his new book *Ninny's Boat* (Kestrel 1980) has, for example, produced a rambling allegory on a multi-racial theme which suggests that different physical attributes (here having dark or fair hair) are the cause of racial intolerance and this is a bad thing. The book concludes with a finale on human togetherness featuring a blind person who, naturally, cannot see these divisive physical differences. The message is generously conceived but hopelessly off-beam — physical differences are *not* the cause of racial intolerance; the blindness motif (already done to death in such white liberal race relations novels of the Sixties as *A Patch of Blue* and *The Cay*) is worse than a cliché — it symbolises the 'we're all the same under the skin' approach to race relations that the Black British community rejected long ago.

But other writers are not even trying. Lucy Rees's second novel, *Horse of Air* (Faber 1980), features the winning kiddie-lit combination of ponies and *rites de passage* as teenage Julie 'grows up'. Julie's amiable stepfather disappears to Sweden early on in the book with another woman, leaving her harassed mother with no money and six children to care for. This desertion lessens not a jot Julie's enthusiasm for this 'expansive, generous, selfish man. He liked people . . . liked giving them presents . . . helping them to work things out and patting them with his big, wrinkled hands'. Lack of any 'sisterly' interest in women allows Rees to contemptuously bracket Julie's abandoned mother as a 'narrow-minded housewife' stereotype with no quarter allowed for being left to carry the can by her 'expansive' husband.

New books are appearing, however, from new writers (significantly almost all of them teachers) which have begun to reflect sensitively and knowledgeably current preoccupations and new directions (Gene Kemp's *The Turbulent Term of Tyke Tiler* (Puffin), Tim Vicary's *Frame-Up* (Macdonald & Janes)). In addition, an occasional 'eminent' writer responds splendidly to contemporary interests, as Rosemary Sutcliff did in her novel of women's history *Song For a Dark Queen* (Knight), the story of Boudicca, shown to be the queen of a matriarchal tribe that nearly succeeded in overthrowing the Romans.

Social change is threatening, especially to those with a vested interest in the old order, but there can be no justification for seeing 'social criticism' as a threat to freedom of expression. If it remains true that writers must always be free to write what they wish and publishers to publish them, the public, however, have the right to choose what to read and to make use of whatever critical perspective they want. It is in this context that 'social criticism' has grown and is thriving. 'Social criticism' will sometimes have little truck with writing for children that 'established criticism' reveres (viz the ecstatic 'establishment' response to Clive King's *Ninny's Boat* and my view above). Are my comments to be seen as the curtailment of freedom of expression or as a contribution to a wider critical response? There is a much needed place for a socialist perspective in children's literary criticism. Real curtailment of the freedom of expression involves power, not just contrary perspectives. The power to restrict what is made available in publishing for children has recently been demonstrated by the Family Planning Association's feeble capitulation to Tory prudery (to protect their DHSS grant) when they agreed to withdraw from their clinics Jane Cousins's excellent sex education book for teenagers, *Make It Happy* (Penguin). The real danger of censorship in our society lies in repressive situations such as these, not in the broadening that social criticism represents.

'No more firemen'

Rosemary Stones replies to David Caute's article in last week's NS.

With unabashed partiality, NS Literary Editor David Caute introduced this children's book series last week by caricaturing me personally and social criticism in general as a new brand of Literary Deodorant. Caute burbled on about the dangers of 'sanitising' the past (throwing out *Little Women!)* and the future and pointed out solemnly that the issues are more complicated than that. Thank you Caute.

Caute swiped at 'crusading reformers. . .visibly engaged in personal empire building' (no names mentioned). This bit of cheap smell came in the midst of his emphasis on my contribution to social criticism. Caute singled me out as a person of 'known views' (!); ascribed to me (*'Mental Hygiene: Rosemary Stones's Criteria')* guidelines produced by the World Council of Churches Workshop on *Racism in Children's and School Textbooks* (feebly justified on the grounds that they appeared in a journal I co-edit); accused me of making 'general indictments' (no examples); and stated that a booklet I have written for the Equal Opportunities Commission on sexism in children's books (which he has not read) is about 'the do's and don'ts of literary sexism'. Oh really?

The pong grew stronger as Caute drew a distressing picture of publishers and authors terrorised by 'reformers' and threatened with 'commercial extinction' if they do not conform to Literary Hygiene. Hollow laughter is in order. At an EPC seminar this September publishers complained that their socially aware ventures flopped — conservative children's book buyers keep to the old stand-bys. So much for 'commercial extinction' and a 'sanitised' future. But impartiality is obviously beyond stinkers.

David Caute writes: 'Questions to ask about authors was printed in Children's Book Bulletin No 1 *as part of a four-page spread on 'Criteria for the Evaluation of Racism in textbooks and children's literature' These grim criteria and guidelines were recommended by Rosemary Stones and her co-editor as 'thorough and succinct, a useful and provocative tool for everyone concerned with children and their books in multi-ethnic Britain'.*

J. M. Coetzee

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Children: under 8

Henry Tube

Picture Post

My quiet, ascetic study has not been recognisable this last fortnight: the floor and furniture buried under layers of brightly-coloured picture-books and parties of hand-picked nephews and nieces in constant occupation. Even if this column succeeds in setting some kind of record for the number of books mentioned, it will still have to leave out half as many again which have been passed fit by my enthusiastic consumer research council.

The most immediately popular, with all ages up to eight, are the pop-up books, especially those like *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Macmillan £4.50) or *Richard Scarry's Busytown Pop-Up Book* (Collins £2.95) which require levers to be pulled, wheels turned or even, in the Scarry book, an arrow drawn back against a piece of elastic. The outstanding book of this kind, *A Day in the Zoo* (Kestrel £4.25), a reproduction of a German fold-out panorama of about 1890 with three-dimensional cages and a cellophane aquarium is somewhat less successful with children than with adults, no doubt because, once set out, no further activity is involved. It is the active element which makes Helen Oxenbury's three volumes, *Animal Allsorts, Puzzle People* and *Curious Creatures* (Methuen/Walker £1.95 each) go down so well. These too are an old wheeze revived: cardboard pages split into three and mounted on a loose-leaf spine, so that Granny's head appears over a naked torso over legs in jodhpurs.

The Victorian Revival is very strong in children's book illustration. In John S. Goodall's wordless *Paddy's New Hat* (Macmillan £2.50) it takes the form of an overtly Victorian pig-hero just saving his bacon time and again in a thoroughly Dickensian world of knaves, bullies and exploiters; in Allan Ahlberg's cheerful set of six *Happy Families* (Kestrel £1.95 each) it has supplied the overall idea (*Miss Jump the Jockey, Mrs Wobble the Waitress,* etc.) as well as the settings and costumes for the illustrations (by Janet Ahlberg, Andre Amstutz and Joe Wright), though the texts are briskly present-day; in *Zig-Zag the Bee* and *Cora the Rook* (Methuen/Walker £1.95 each), written by Mirabel Cecil, it can be sensed in the enchanting, pre-Raphaelite detail of Christina Gascoigne's birds, bees and flowers; and in Phillida Gili's *Demon Daisy's Dreadful Week* (Julia MacRae £3.75) it is, so to say, naturalised: the story is contemporary, but Daisy dresses in Victorian Revival clothes and what she does to her mother is what would have been hidden in the nursery 80 years ago.

Before leaving the delights awaiting the youngest customers I should mention the simplest and most robust pop-up book, *Where's Spot?* by Eric Hill (Heinemann £2.95), with opening doors, piano-lid, lifting carpet, etc.; a magnificent, wordless chain of predators and prey, *Eat and Be Eaten* by Iela Mari (Dent £3.50), in which a double-page is almost entirely filled by three-quarters of a tiger or half a crocodile; a series of three much-thumbed miniatures by David McKee about a baby only half disguised as a king called Rollo (Andersen 95p each); and Martin Leman's Douanier Rousseauesque *Book of Beasts* (Gollancz £3.95). But for reading aloud to two- and three-year-olds one can't do better than the latest books by two seasoned veterans: Quentin Blake's *Mr Magnolia,* who has only one boot (Cape £3.50), and John Burningham's *The Shopping Basket* (Cape £3.95), concerning a cool, red-headed boy who circumvents the bears (and other animals) on his way home from the Asian corner-shop.

Prince Charles wrote his high-spirited fantasy *The Old Man of Lochnagar* (Hamish Hamilton £3.95) for his brothers when they were aged five and nine. Hugh Casson's illustrations are in the flyaway, improvisatory spirit of the text, but not so robust. The author, with his puns and word-plays, has the measure of his audience, though the references are sometimes a bit specialised (butts, drives, coveys and loaders, for instance). I was surprised to find him making a joke of the Old Man's loo, with its seat upholstered in stag's skin and stuffed with grouse feathers, since I'd always assumed such things were commonplace at Balmoral. Anthony Paul's *The Tiger Who Lost His Stripes* (Andersen £3.50), with luscious tropical watercolours by Michael Foreman, is another good-humoured fantasy that reads well aloud and I'd also recommend, for both pictures and text, Helme Heine's *Merry-Go-Round* (Chatto £3.50), *Mrs Fox's Wedding* (Faber £3.25), crisply re-told from Grimm by Sara and Stephen Corrin and dashingly illustrated by Errol Le Cain, Colette O'Hare's and Beryl Cook's misogynistic *Seven Years and a Day* (Collins £4.50), Catherine Brighton's odd combination of realism and Italian frescoes in a contemporary urban setting, *Cathy's Story* (Evans £4.50). Bernard Stone's rather too sophisticated text for *Inspector Mouse* (Andersen (£3.50) was lost on my researchers, who are familiar neither with the rudiments of detective fiction nor the names of any cheeses but cheddar (the plot turns on the theft of a consignment of Limburger cheese and there is a jazz-band called the Roquefours with a singer called Dolcelatte), but Ralph Steadman's pictures of sleazy mice in a romantically mean dockland setting would excuse any text.

There are no less than three new books by Russell Hoban. My own favourite is the wonderfully far-fetched story of *The Twenty Elephant Restaurant,* illustrated with his usual twitching energy by Quentin Blake (Cape £2.95), but *Arthur's New Power* with pictures by Byron Barton (Gollancz £3.50) is good for slightly younger listeners and *Flat Cat* (Methuen/Walker £3.50), which left me cold, was one six-year-old researcher's favourite out of the whole field. This last is a superman-style strip cartoon by Clive Scrutton, with minimal rhyming balloons by Hoban designed for the child who is just beginning to read.

One of the princes of strip-cartoon books is, of course, Raymond (Fungus) Briggs, who now gives us the melancholy tale of *Gentleman Jim* (Hamish Hamilton £3.25), a cloakroom attendant who tries to be a cowboy and ends up in jail hoping for his old job back. If that sounds too like your own home life, try *The Voyage of Prince Fuji* (Macmillan £3.95). Jenny Thorne has translated the Odyssey to an Oriental setting and borrowed freely from the court painting of Japan, India, Persia and Arabia. It is a spectacular book with witty dialogue.

When one comes to solid reading books for the seven- and eight-year-olds, the standard of illustration falls off dramatically. Eve Bunting's *The Big Cheese* (Macmillan £3.50) has a pleasant, Puritan simplicity. Robert Nye's *The Bird of the Golden Land* (Hamish Hamilton £4.95) is an elaborate, breezy fairytale, but its illustrations are anaemic. *Warton and the King of the Skies* (Hodder and Stoughton £3.75) is another in Russell E. Erickson's wind-in-the-willowy series about the alarming adventures of a pair of camp toads, adequately but not very imaginatively illustrated by Lawrence Di Fiori. Better to stick to *The Wind in the Willows* proper, splendidly re-illustrated by Michael Hague (Methuen £7.95) or to a book of classic poems (Keats, Shakespeare, Frost, etc.), *Bird, Beast and Flower* (Chatto £4.95), whose exquisite watercolours by Marie Angel I have not even shown to my researchers for fear they might put their greasy paws on them.

David Lodge

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Pierre Joris

Reinventing Love

Later by ROBERT CREELEY *Marion Boyars* £4.95 & £2.95
Against the Silences by PAUL BLACKBURN *Permanent Press* £4.95 & £2.95
grape notes, apple music by JEFF NUTTALL *Rivelin Press* 75p
Carminalenia by CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON *Carcanet* £3.95

In *Later* Robert Creeley, now in his fifties, continues his familiar exploration of the daily minutiae of his life. But a new urgency informs these poems; the preoccupation with ageing and the change in one's consciousness of death — other people's and one's own — which this entails. He knows, as he says in the introduction, that 'anyone of us is fact of a very literal process, and that once its activity is completed we die.'

But death is not something we can experience, except vicariously *('D'ailleurs c'est toujours les autres qui meurent':* Marcel Duchamp's epitaph is quoted by Creeley), and though it seems a 'terrifying and unacceptable prospect despite its obvious commonness', one just 'goes about one's daily businesses, reassured by their nagging insistence'. The poet's job then is — and here Creeley quotes Octavio Paz — 'as artists, to reinvent love', because love, debased to its mainly social and sexual functions, 'has lost the power to admit the existence of another, who is mortal and will therefore die as we will'.

This preoccupation with age and dying is never allowed to deteriorate into morbidity. On the contrary: its presence only helps the poet to see the world, its objects as well as its people, with a sharper and keener eye, as in this image from the poet's childhood:

> That's mother sitting there,
> a father dead in heaven,
> a dog barks, steam of
>
> drying mittens on the stove,
> blue hands; two doughnuts
> on a plate.

In *The Last Mile,* thinking of his dead friend, the poet Charles Olson, he acknowledges that what is essential is

> . . . to stay
> in the body
> all the way
>
> to the grave, as it happens,
> which is what scares us
> then and now.

But he does not give in to the scare, and acceptance of the inevitable change leads him to exult in the final section of the title poem: *'but now* the wonder of life is/that it *is* at all.' Age seems to have given Creeley a contained serenity and the permission to loosen up and to breathe more easily. Most of the poems in this volume have a more relaxed sense about them then those in, say, *For Love,* though without any loss of that masterly tension of language and thought, which has always been Creeley's hallmark. That combative existential stance which drove a Creeley poem down the page in short and tight spurts of language along its sinewy syntactical spine, combining intense pent-up power with extreme elegance and economy of means, is still there, in all its urgency, but now the tone is easier, more flowing, less raspy. What finally wins the day, and the day's clarity, against the forebodings of the night to come, is the poet's confidence in the morality of clear perception and action, and his ability to be *there,* in the world, accurately and intensely:

> I want the world
> I did always,
> small pieces
> and clear acknowledgements.
>
> It's a day we may
> live forever, this
> simple one. Nothing
> more, nothing less.

Paul Blackburn, sadly, died nine years ago in his middle forties, and in his death we mourn the loss of a major voice of American poetry. Besides 'sharing the same hopes for poetry, the same angers at what we considered its slack misuses', as Creeley says in his thoughtful introduction to *Against the Silences,* he and Paul Blackburn shared common roots in New England. Creeley's thought and work, down to its tight, bare and rock-hard structures, has always retained an essentially New England quality. Blackburn, on the other hand, rejecting the harsh puritanism that seems to go hand in hand with those bleak Vermont winters, turned his imagination to the South 'and the generous permission of unabashed sensuality'. The present book is a selection culled from a larger manuscript which the poet kept in a loose-leaf binder and to which he periodically added poems during the decade prededing his death. All the poems concern his relationship with his second wife. They are, in a sense, very private occasions, charting the breakdown of the marriage and the eventual separation and divorce. For a lesser poet this could mean sentimentality. But Blackburn, even in those moments of extreme personal anguish, never falls prey to this danger. His earthiness, his delight in life, his sensuality guard him as does his exquisite craftsmanship. The poems are deceptively simple on the surface, due to his use of colloquial American language and its speech rhythms. But that easy-going surface hides an extremely accomplished craftsman. One of the major problems of 'free verse', from its inception on, is the question of where to break the line. If a poem's form is to emerge from 'the poem understand' in the very process of writing, and if that form is to be the only accurate form for that poem, then line-breaks have to show a near-total internal necessity. Blackburn brilliantly solved this problem by using his breath as the basic measure (one needs to read these poems *aloud* to savour their rhythmic intricacies and complex texture):

> Some
> trees have lawns, some
> lawns have trees, some
> do not . Pick up
> the other end of that piece of lumber, it
> won't move by itself . You
> Lift it,
> I'll saw.

Even though the poems are a record of failure and loss, of sexual frustration — as made clear by that haunting image of the 'Six men of some desert tribe, their women/for that time unclean', who 'stand about the camp's/fire/jacking off' which the poet sees as an offering to Moloch — there is humour here too, in no way ironic or sarcastic, a humour springing from a deep love for the world and whatever, good or bad, that world contains:

> This is a big world &
> I have my finger up its ass.
> Something is quivering &
> bigod, it isn't my finger.

But it is impossible to give the full flavour of a Blackburn poem by quoting short extracts, because what is most engaging in the work is the way a single poem of, say two pages, will let so much, so many different perceptions in, following the Creeley saying: Form is never more than an extension of content. No one who wants to know what can be done in a lyric poetry that is not simply 'confessional poetry can afford to miss Blackburn's work.

Jeff Nuttall's *grape notes, apple music,* is delightful and, at times, irritating. He is certainly the most Lawrentian of English poets a work now, and his energies are unbounded, as his vast and varied literary and artistic output proves. What in Blackburn is delight with the various functions of the human body becomes obsession in Nuttall. And obsessior

POLITICALLY TOPICAL

is R. A. Florey's *The General Strike of 1926,* a well illustrated examination of the working conditions, exploitations (especiellv of child labour) and conflicts which led to 1926 as well as the events and the aftermath (£11.95). *Nothing To Declare* by Michael Gillard and Martin Tomkinson is a fascinating account of the political corruptions of John Poulson and the politicians and public servants he caught in his web. (£12.95 & £6.95 paperback). *Inflation* by Michael Jefferson and others examines inflations past and present and the alternative solutions (£5.95 & £2.95 paperback). *The New Photography* by Frank Webster examines ways in which photography can be used politically, commercially and sociologically to influence opinion and serve special interests (£12.95 & £6.95 paperback). *Gambit 36* covers political theatre in Europe and Britain at a time of political controversy about the modern theatre (£1.50, subscription £5.50 p.a.).

3 POWERFUL NOVELS

are *Two Women* by Harry Mulisch, delicately outlining the love affair of two women, whose bisexuality is strangely and ultimately violent; as viewed by their peers (£6.95); *Melody Jones* by David Galloway, set in a mixed gay and hetero bar, which is also a love story but between two men, told with astonishing virtuosity (£5.95); and *A Wind Up the Willow* by Alan Brown, that uncovers with macabre humour the underworld of small time English gangsters (£5.95). Paperback reissues: Aidan Higgins' *Scenes from a Receding Past* records with fine style an Irish childhood and adolescence (£3.95); *A Family Album* by David Galloway not only gives the epic of a Southern American family, but the history of the camera since 1829 that immortalizes its images; four modern classics by A. Robbe-Grillet — *Topology of a Phantom City, The Voyeur, In the Labyrinth,* and *Snapshots* (£3.95 each). H. M. Waidson continues his distinguished translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* with vol. 4, Book 1 of *The Years of Travel* (£6.95).

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always includes a slightly sour tinge, an edge of hysteria. But that edge is genuine, lived experience from the underprivileged, booze-sodden underbelly of this country:

> The women kindly in their tieback shallowtit pinnies,
> The men reflective on their massive pint-monoliths,
> The glory of God throws up refuse of Durham, of Newcastle,
> Tees-side, Hartlepool,
> Staled bright brown on a scavenger's tide line.

The poems are brim-full of strong and pungent images; the rhythms, if at times a bit repetitive due to over-use of alliteration, are always fresh and arresting. The sheer power these poems exude helps the reader over those patches where the poet's enjoyment in the juiciness of language threatens to evacuate meaning from the poem.

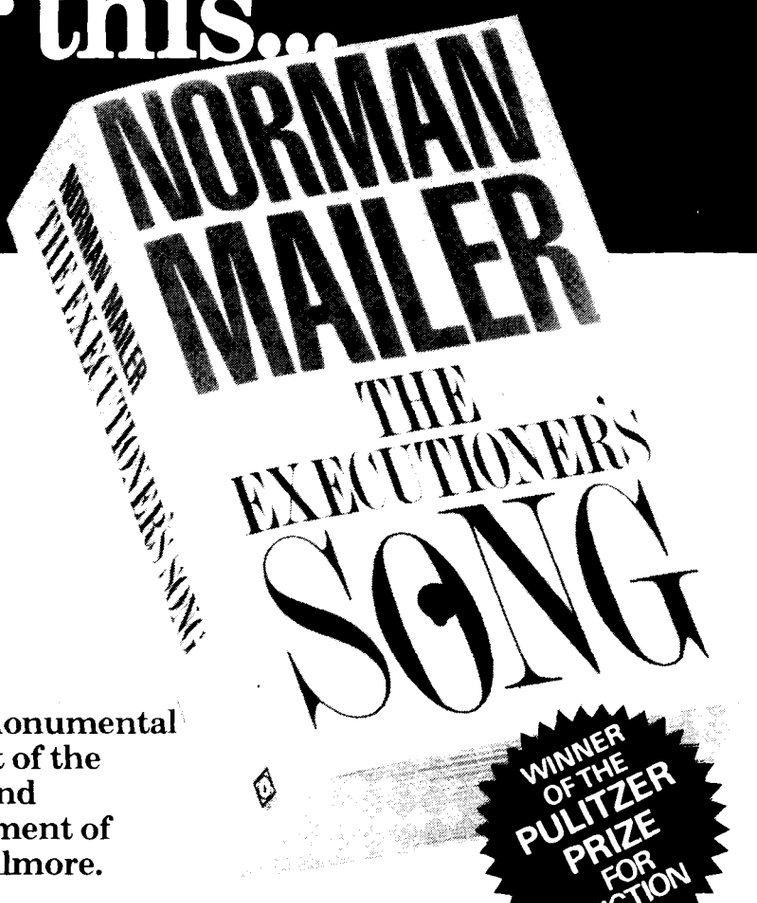
Christopher Middleton, certainly one of the finest writers of his generation, as clearly shown by his previous collections of poetry and by those splendid essays in *Bolshevism in Art and Other Expository Writings* (Carcanet 78), has always managed to avoid the pitfalls of genteel magazine verse most of his English contemporaries have fallen prey to, probably because of his long familiarity with America and the energies of post-war American poetry. I very much wanted to like his new book, *Carminalenia,* and did so in a good number of places, the care and seriousness of the poet being so obvious. The intensity and heat a Creeley or Blackburn poem generates on the very surface of the poem, seems to smoulder somewhere *behind* one by Middleton. This may often be only a question of tone — Middleton's tone retains the more subdued quality of his English origins — but sometimes it feels as if the energy the poem is supposed to transmit remained locked somewhere between poet and poem. A strange dilemma for a poet as gifted as Middleton to find himself in, and one I feel certain his future work will come to terms with.

There is in fact much lovely work in the book, to mention only the longish sequence *Razzmatazz,* where the various modes the poet is capable of come together nicely to make for what is, in my mind, the most exciting poem in the book:

> The tentative
> Figures
> Will not
> Bind up the wound. They are part
> Of the great heave, over and over inflicting it
> The splitting of this mind
> At the moment when flesh took:
> Over and over the spasm
> Repeating itself, birth
> Foredoomed:
> It is man, it is woman

In the notes appended to the end of the volume, Middleton states that 'a poem can read the spell of experience backwards, so that a configuration appears, in motion, dark, like a shoal of fish beneath a sea-surface'. Maybe the problem, for me, lies in that 'reading *backwards',* which can lead to mimesis, to 'art mitating nature', as against the processual necessities of the poem itself? When that happens, then, to misquote Mallarmé, 'nothing vill have happened, except the constellation'. But it is exactly that kind of constellatory action Middleton is also best at, and when the poems are successful that constellation shows is the huge, marvellous shape of that imaged reature, the poem.

Nothing Norman Mailer has written before has prepared you for this...



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Peter Kellner

Times Future

Stop Press: The Inside Story of the Times Dispute by ERIC JACOBS *Deutsch* £6.95
Goodbye Gutenberg: The Newspaper Revolution of the 1980s by ANTHONY SMITH *Oxford* £8.50

Times Newspapers Limited is not run by very wicked people; but neither is it run by very sensible people. In 1977 and 1978 TNL made modest trading profits, despite frequent disruptions that, cumulatively, lost millions of copies of the *Sunday Times*. TNL then suspended publication for 11 months. When publication resumed, so did the disruptions. The only thing that changed was that TNL ceased to be profitable. This year the company is expected to lose £15 m; and, since most of that derives from losses by *The Times*, the top people's newspaper is losing the International Thomson Organisation 15p for every copy it sells.

No wonder, then, that ITO has now decided to sell the papers off. It says it will sell only to proprietors who will protect the editorial independence of the papers; but, given the general characteristics of British newspaper owners, that condition will be hard to fulfil.

The subject matter for *Stop Press* is therefore of great interest to anyone who values the idea of a free press. Although his book was completed before ITO's recent decision to sell, Eric Jacobs sets out to depict the events that, in retrospect, made it inevitable

The result, however, is sadly broken-backed. Jacobs, like myself, lived through the suspension as a *Sunday Times* journalist on full pay. Materially many of us benefitted: we augmented our salaries by writing books and doing freelance journalism for other media. Yet nothing could compensate for the resentment generated by the absence of our own papers. *Stop Press* hovers awkwardly between articulating and suppressing that resentment. The nearest Jacobs comes to letting himself go comes in the final chapter:

> There is no single calculus by which to measure the shutdown. To a journalist like myself it was simply an outrage. We had no quarrel with anybody; our careers were shortened by a year; it was a gross offence against the idea of a free press, since silence is the severest form of censorship.

Otherwise Jacobs goes to considerable lengths to banish emotion and avoid judgment. *Stop Press* is a useful, highly readable chronology of facts, some of which are revealed for the first time. But it is no more than that. It owes too much to the morally impotent school of reporting in which 'objective' journalism consists of writing that X said this, while Y said that, and making sure that X and Y are quoted accurately, but not venturing to judge whether X or Y (if either) is right.

As it happens, the *Sunday Times* has done more than any other mainstream British newspaper to challenge that ethos: its investigations of the Thalidomide tragedy, torture in Ireland, Slater Walker, the DC-10 crash, the 1976 IMF deal, and Vestey's tax avoidance, all required moral commitment as well as skilful reporting. They set out to ask difficult, often complex, questions, and to provide conclusive answers; and it is to the great credit of ITO that it fostered an environment in which these inquiries could be mounted.

Jacobs gives few conclusive answers to the questions posed by the suspension. How did the decision to suspend publication relate to ITO's corporate strategy? Did TNL's executives make major tactical mistakes in trying to confront every union's restrictive practice simultaneously, and in being so unyielding about its 30 November suspension deadline? Could the eventual re-publication agreement have been reached months earlier — and if so, who was to blame for spinning out the dispute? How crooked were the print workers at TNL? *Stop Press* does not tell us.

What the book does succeed in conveying is something of the random irrationalities and human frustrations of the dispute. The story Jacobs tell is of lurches from one cock-up to the next. I can well believe that many industrial disputes proceed by such lurches, and in particular that British managements are as incompetent at handling disputes as they are at everything else. But there is more to it than that.

Goodbye Gutenberg provides the context that *Stop Press* lacks. Anthony Smith is the director of the British Film Institute; his background is in television. During the 1960s he was probably more responsible than anyone else for bringing BBC-TV's coverage of current affairs to something like maturity. Now he has turned his mind to the impact of modern technology on the propagation of information, concentrating on American newspapers.

Although Times Newspapers' suspension is mentioned just once, lessons abound for Britain's own little local difficulties. There have been major disputes over new technology and the future of craft workers in America, Denmark and West Germany. In most cases (as in other European countries where the issues have been settled by negotiation or by court arbitrations) at least some of the traditional typesetting work has been retained by the equivalent of Britain's National Graphical Association. But, as Smith points out, 'European publishers have been relaxed in their attitude towards computerization.'

In America, where new technology has been applied most widely, there have been many mistakes, as Smith observes:

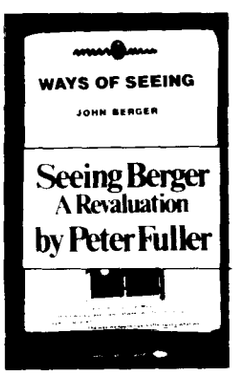
> At hundreds of newspapers . . . lonely publishers survey the problem-strewn floors of their newsrooms and composing room, having jumped too far or too fast or both. The lessons acquired by hindsight are: one, don't buy systems 'off the peg' and, two, get the whole staff into the right frame of mind for the adventure before it begins.

Are you listening, TNL?

Smith's book, however, is much more than a manual on how to dispose of craft workers without disruption. It is an important contribution to a debate about the way media acquire, process and disseminate information. Smith's own experience in television, where technology and information have always been inseparable, makes him more alive to both the problems and the opportunities than, I suspect, are most newspaper journalists.

Smith's central conclusion is that the cultural and technological forces at work point to a transition from a society where information is scarce (and where the journalist's task is to discover it) to a society where information is abundant. The coming problem will be to make sense of what is available. The reporter of the future, Smith believes, will be less a creative author, and more a librarian, who 'makes information accessible to the consumer'.

If Smith is right — and I believe he is — then the most serious challenge to British newspapers in the Eighties will not be the printing equipment, manning levels or union organisation, but the anti-numerate, anti-analytica culture of journalism itself.



In this incisive counter-polemic, Peter Fuller underlines what is most valuable in Berger's art criticism, while attacking the art ideologists who would negate the existence of any aesthetic experience.

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Fiction

Judy Cooke

Black Mass

Faust by ROBERT NYE *Hamish Hamilton* £5.9
Alice Fell by EMMA TENNANT *Cape* £5.50
Scenes From A Receding Past by AIDA HIGGINS *Calder* £3.95
Indirect Method by FRANCIS KING *Hutchinso* £6.50
The Other Side by STANLEY MIDDLETO *Hutchinson* £5.95
Mr American by GEORGE MACDONALD FRASE *Collins* £6.95

Robert Nye has impersonated Falstaff an Merlin with much success; in *Faust* he gives u a half-heroic, self-hating creature sufferin from a sense of damnation, or 'deliriu demons'. The performance is compelling an horribly persuasive: here is the type of ev that will devise a lamp of human skin to ligl its self-abasement. Nye's Faust is co scientiously obscene, his Helen a pious who in drag, his motto, 'I stink, therefore I am'.

As in the earlier novels, the method is esse tially dramatic; we see the main charact

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through the eyes of a bit player, Kit Wagner, an anguished, intelligent observer who is drawn ever closer to the centre of the stage. An unwilling accomplice, Kit spits out wisecracks like orange pips, scared, desperately rational. Diabolic possession is a figment of the imagination, isn't it? 'Believe me, the facts about Faust are stranger than the fictions.' The facts take us from Wittenberg to Rome, via an obligatory Black Mass and a poison plot. The fictions are slowly eroded; the jokes turn sour, the erotic fantasies retreat, virgin by virgin, until Kit is left bare under the spotlight, facing his destiny. It is an ingenious reworking of the legend; the denouement both surprises and appals.

Emma Tennant's brand of Gothicism may be less disturbing but it proves to be equally demanding. *Alice Fell* is an extraordinary book, poetic and bizarre, with the wild logic of a surrealist painting or a dream. Alice falls into a wonderland of past civilisations and certainties and promptly destroys them; she is like a comet, blazing the way to a new age. Delivered by Mrs Grogan and born to Mrs Paxton, her childhood home is gradually revealed as the great house, beautiful but decaying, in which her mother works as a servant to the Old Man. The writing is superb taken line by line, at its best when it deals in symbols, at its weakest in the characterisation. Who is Alice? What is her growing awareness to do with the real events interpolated in the text, the Suez crisis, Porton Down? The novel is flawed, being obscure; exhilarating, impossible to classify.

Scenes From A Receding Past by Aidan Higgins appears to be a straightforward account of an Irish childhood, evocative and detailed; it becomes a complex, highly experimental narrative which changes tone — and person — as the child grows up, leaves home, moves to London and marries. There is an ever-increasing, enjoyable sense of sadness. Innocence and experience are seen to blur into one consciousness; nostalgia cannot take away the edge of present pain. These are themes which the author has explored to great effect in other novels; this book (first published in 1977 but now in paperback) is ironic and tender, like *Langrishe, Go Down*, and equally informative about the nature of love.

Francis King's short stories are always a pleasure to read; his fifth anthology *Indirect Method* is wide-ranging and varied, with a

Blake Morrison

Conv, S/C, SE3.

We kept ourselves to ourselves. Like
one-night tenants of a cheap motel,
we did not bother with the others.
Faces passed. Names lay unclaimed
in the front-door's cage of mail.

Only once, lighting up the small hours,
her cries and his — as if to prove
how noisy and important love must be
that down those bare, laconic corridors
it alone got through. Not quite:

it features in my vision of hell.
There are no families, and they have
cordoned
the world into couples and couples,
all separate, all being made to listen to
some love that will never be theirs.

Anthony Burgess Earthly Powers

'Unquestionably a masterpiece'
Auberon Waugh, *Evening Standard*

'Grippingly readable, extraordinarily rich and moving' Jeremy Treglown, *The Times Literary Supplement*

'Marvellous epic . . . brutally funny'
David Caute, *New Statesman*

'Hugely entertaining and inventive' Lorna Sage, *Observer*

'Enormous imagination and vitality... a huge book in every sense' Bernard Levin, *Sunday Times*

'Highly entertaining . . . a hellfire tract thrown down by a novelist at the peak of his powers'
Michael Ratcliffe, *The Times*

'Wildly funny . . . A masterpiece' A S Byatt, *Daily Mail*

'Carries more power . . . than ten average novels put together' D J Enright, *London Review of Books*

HUTCHINSON £6.95

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wonderful sense of pattern and control. An Englishwoman revisits Japan and meets the man who was her lover 16 years before, a student then, filling in as houseboy, a businessman now, with a wife and two children. The sense of division and mutual embarrassment builds to an intolerable climax: nothing violent, a simple, leaden moment of regret in an expensive hotel.

Accuracy and understatement are the keynotes of the whole collection. I like 'Sundays', a portrait of an English family abroad, parents squabbling like infants, 15-year-old son complaining, 'Oh, Christ, I feel depressed!', neglected grandmother redeeming her day with one small, satisfying triumph. Little old ladies are excellent vehicles for King's satire; despised and ignored, they make perfect commentators.

Not all the material is taken from this comparatively civilised level of experience. There are excursions into the macabre ('The Wake'), the grotesque ('Appetites') and the fully blown paranormal ('Voices'). 'The Stepson's Story' is a psychological thriller, a Jamesian analysis of sexual hysteria seen through the eyes of an adolescent, carefully paced, its last act set in the autumn rains of Holland Park. Perhaps the prize should go to 'Unmaking', a story of the German occupation in Italy which is memorable for the courage of another little old lady, this one a rich Jewess overburdened by the title Principessa. So many writers would have succumbed to temptation and spread the idea thin over a whole book; King's fine judgment keeps the reader on edge.

In *The Other Side* Stanley Middleton takes a stock situation — marital infidelity — and turns it on its head, inviting us to consider the other side of the question and the coin. The story is only a little way into the first chapter when the central character, Elizabeth, learns that her husband has a mistress and intends to leave home; 15 pages forward and he has changed his mind, decided to stay for the sake of their daughter. These two events are more often found at the conclusion of a novel; it is intriguing to see what might lie beyond the point of resolution. How high a price will be required of the man for such a sudden, total act of betrayal? Will the woman ever be able to trust him again?

These are shock waves which must have rocked many a marriage; it is Middleton's strength as a novelist to give them their due, tracing the initial disturbance through every last ripple of resentment. He is an exact and compassionate recorder, probing deep, suggesting that it is easier to forgive than to be forgiven. His characters reveal themselves through dialogue: the hardest thing to write, some say, the easiest thing to read.

George MacDonald Fraser's *Mr America* is light, lengthy entertainment, a good escape route from winter journeys and rush hour trains. It is set in Edwardian England and traces the fortunes of Mark Franklin, a tough American hell bent on understanding the English. He is diffident, handsome, dazzlingly rich and has no problem in winning the heart of Pip (jolly and common) and the hand of Peggy (aristocratic and scheming). He gets on all right with the men, too, from the loyal Samson — a butched-up Jeeves — down to Edward VII. The plot is rather slow in getting under way but picks up speed when Mark's murky past appears to haunt him. Altogether a satisfying snack, if not substantially filling. I enjoyed the Big Mac.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Hundred Flowers

JOHN COLEMAN visits the 24th London Film Festival

The London Film Festival is *sui generis,* its cardinal virtue a freedom from ballyhoo. No prizes are given, no starlets bare gooseflesh on the November banks of the Thames, no jurists bicker in Esperanto into the small hours. And yet directors both great and negligible show a surprising willingness to have their works displayed and even to support them by personal appearances. With each succeeding year the terms of reference of this event seem to expand. If world cinema is in a decline, as some would claim, the Festival's scouts have failed to notice it. Some hundred movies are currently vying for attention out on the South Bank, many of them grouped under such headings as American Independents, British Cinema, Thrillers, Animation and New Directors. The charge may justly be levelled that relatively few among such a massive entry are likely to match up to the highest critical scrutiny. A more generous approach might be that the organisers — and notably that indefatigable eclectic Ken Wlaschin, the programme director — have a different end in mind: increasingly to provide a sort of global overview, to let a hundred flowers bloom and to hell with the inevitable weeds.

Certainly the entertainment provided last Thursday, when the 24th IFF opened, could hardly have been more diverse: a British first feature, a Dutch collective enterprise, the latest Mrinal Sen from India and — the big, heralded occasion — 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa's *Kagemusha*, now on display at the Gates, Notting Hill and Camden Town, with an 'A' certificate. With such fine films as *Rashomon, Living, Seven Samurai, Throne of Blood* and, more arguably, *Dersu Uzala*, to his everlasting credit, Kurosawa needs no apologists; the list could be extended and he is one of the true practising masters of cinema, a fact recognised by Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas in their backing of this Japanese-made epic (it is 10 years since Kurosawa last worked in his own country). The outcome is long, though shorn of some 20 minutes of martial scenes — as was always intended — since its Cannes showing; sprawling and incisive; fascinating and tedious; subtle and heavy-handed; ravishing and lurid. In short, it is a must for any admirer of Kurosawa's *oeuvre*, since the best and the worst of his magpie genius quite jostle for primacy throughout; but no masterpiece.

Kagemusha, literally 'shadow of a warrior', is set in late 16th-century Japan, when rival clans warred for supremacy, and begins with an audacious, expository quietness: across the wide screen, three look-alikes squat facing us, Shingen (Tatsuya Nakadai), an ailing warlord, his brother, and a petty thief recently reclaimed from crucifixion (also played by the excellent Nakadai). The thief or *kagemusha* is to be Shingen's replacement for three years should the feared head of the Takeda clan die, which he is to do in due course after suffering a sniper's bullet.

In a splendid *coup de cinéma*, Kurosawa follows this conversational confrontation with a prolonged, enormously agitated travelling shot as an armoured messenger scurries madly, bounding over slumped soldiery, up hill, down dales, with military tidings. And the film is to maintain this commuting between chamber episodes of intimacy — as when the *kagemusha* is introduced to his immediate guards and pages, or successfully deceives a perky little grandson and a pair of mistresses — and large-scale sequences, spiky with banners, spears, ornate helmets, of men marching and riding to battle. Not all of these transitions achieve the satisfying jolt of the first ones. Nor is the choreography of combat always surfooted, promises of spectacle remaining unfulfilled. And there are a number of visual aberrations — the stagy surrealism of the thief's nightmare and some garish skyscapes that recall the unhappier excesses of the 1970 *Dodes' kaden.*

Perhaps the root of the trouble, though, is to be found in the key matter of the thief's fairly painless fooling of his dead master's associates. (The ironic message here is not dissimilar to that of Sellers-for-President in *Being There.*) There are excellent sly touches, but the concept is simplistic. And yet, against such major irritations, memory sets many marvellous moments: the misty urn-burial by water; a sniper's proudly detailed display of his lethal technique; the mistresses' giggling as the thief tries to tell the truth; the growing affection of his guards for the bemused *kagemusha.* Maybe the point should be reinforced. Because of his previous achievements, Kurosawa demands to be judged by standards no critic worth his stipend would dream of dusting off for the weekly run of commercial product Disappointment stems from the force of one's expectations.

That same Thursday brought at least two patriotic cheers for John MacKenzie's *The Long Good Friday*, an hilariously wayward and well played gangster movie with Bob Hoskins cockily lording it as a cockney crook bent on getting Mafia money to launch a vast Thame side development. This Harold has a yacht and posh girlfriend Victoria (Helen Mirren) to we come Eddie Constantine and sidekick over on a visit. Then things go benumbingly wrong: Har old's chauffeur is blown up with the Rolls; a gay right-hand man is done in at a swimmin pool; the boss's showcase pub explodes; an worse is to come. Harold unavailingly has su pects strung up on meat-hooks before a spittin widow leads him to the IRA. His finest hour, i Barry Keeffe's sprightly script, hears hir scorning a departing Constantine in favour the krauts — *'they* don't lose their battle'. Th thoroughly professional job, one might warr takes a leaf or two out of old Chandler-sty scenarios; and then does what Chandler seeme to — mislays them. Little matter.

Erik van Zuylen and Marja Kok's *In H Treatment*, from the Amsterdam-based Wer teater group, starts mesmerically as a baldi Mr de Waal in his late thirties goes to hospit one day for the results of some tests and i ineffectually protesting, hauled in for ever. S long as this clinical momentum — doctor a nurse chatting about boat-buying as a painf sample is taken from Mr de Waal's chest

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stays with it, we stay with the happening, held and appalled. Finally a decent but cloying humanism takes over, to the detriment of credibility. (No one could be so sexually baffled as de Waal's sad, twentyish room-mate.) The performances are exemplary, and at least two of my colleagues felt it worth the visit. Both this and Mrinal Sen's warmly praised *And Quiet Rolls the Dawn* have found distributors already.

So ended the inaugural Thursday. What follows are interim comments and recommendations on the festival in progress, with the emphasis on films as yet (to my knowledge) unbought. James Ivory's 60-minute *The 5.48* is a John Cheever story reworked by Terence McNally for American TV, and none the worse for that. (The developing interdependence of cinema and television is illustrated passim in the festival.) An advertising executive — smooth Laurence Luckinbill — with a buttoned-down mind but unzipped libido allows himself another of many flings with the hired help, only to come the most dreadful cropper when the girl (Mary Beth Hurt) he hires, beds and fires proves mentally unstable and goes after him and his exurbanite life style. The cool, gently ironic Ivory and the smart, chilly Cheever make jangly music, supremely so in a crazy duologue enacted on the home train of the title.

Chance had it that I saw this together with a hugely attractive American documentary by Christian Blackwood, *Tapdancin':* they might well make an enlivening double bill. Blackwood, who made the Corman affair, *Hollywood's Wild Angel,* artfully mingles old film clips of black dancers, doing everything with their staccato feet except Beethoven's Fifth, and contemporary live interviews. Some of the oldsters still dance exceptionally. The unemphatic message is omnipresent but best expressed by an elegant, articulate Honi Coles: 'They weren't really ready to expect *class* black acts'. The only solo black to make stardom was Bill 'Bojangles' Robinson. (A lovely entertainment and it can be caught on 25 November, a Tuesday — not all tickets are sold for everything, some are always returned: weekdays *during* the day are obviously soundest bets.)

After a four-year break, the maverick Georges Franju made a 'film' film for French TV in 1978, *The Last Melodrama* (26 November). This is the genial, deliberately old-fashioned account of the closing misadventures of a troupe of travelling hams, led by grandiloquent Larémolière (Michel Vitold, luxuriating) and carrying drunken old dad, Frédéric (Raymond Bussières), who goes down in a blaze of sorts. Irises in and out like billyo; Edith Scob is to hand; when the company hear Garbo did it on the box the night before they hastily switch from *La Dame aux Camélias* to *Les Misèrables, 'en 17 tableaux de Victor Hugo'.* Funny, bittersweet, it distils the essence of a beloved style of French cinema, past but not forgotten.

More hesitantly proposed is István Szabó's *Confidence,* proposed because nothing by Szabó is nugatory, hesitantly because an acquaintance who should know declares this tormented story of a man and a woman in hiding in Hungary during World War II is wildly naive about the realities. I must admit to being swayed by its tender, nuzzling and gamy erotic content. The woman is Ildiko Bánsagi, a private storm in a teacup.

From India, G. Aravindan's *The Bogey Man* is a leisurely, field-fresh village *conte,* about a jolly old charmer who jokily turns the local ranging, dancing kids into animals — the boy-become-dog, adopted briefly by a grand little girl, immediately recognised by his wailing mother, has the devil's job to turn back. The songs and photography are delightful. Stephen Wallace's four-letter *Stir* is a grimly accomplished Aussie go at the prison-brutality-riot syndrome, but the current BBC-TV series on Strangeways has me more by the throat. Other pickings and gleanings must wait till a post-festival report. On the commercial front, there is *The Awakening* (Warner, etc: X) — Heston as an incestuous daddy in thrall to a mummy. Deadening.

Television

Julian Barnes

The Spire

I suppose that if anyone is to be allowed into Stonehenge while it recovers from its marauding tourists, one shouldn't mind William Golding, parallel erector of granite myths and symbols, being the man. And it's hard to resent Melvyn Bragg getting in on his coat-tails either. *The South Bank Show* (LWT) may have its faults — further celebrating the already famous is the most obvious — but each new series racks up a strong list of thoughtfully-made, intelligent programmes. Securing the first screen interview with Golding for 18 years (filmed at the henge, Salisbury and the sea) was an admirable coup; the more so as it was set up while the Booker judges were still scrabbling through their preliminary piles of junk.

Golding came across as a straightforward, slightly reticent, thoroughly sympathetic man, tugged, as writers of his fame often are, between taking his success with the seriousness others accord it — *'Lord of the Flies* is if you like a sort of *Candide* for the liberal optimism of the first part of the century' — and viewing the whole occupation of writing with mild incredulity: he called it 'light, delightful, and maybe dishonest work'. He looks, with indecent aptness, like a grizzled old sea-captain (you kept being disappointed that he wasn't sporting wellies with the top six inches rolled down) and talked nothing but old-salt's sense. 'I'm treated as a philosopher, a theologian, a historian, a psychologist . . . What I am at bottom is a storyteller —what I'm interested in is what gives power to a story.' He was hearteningly clean, too, of the self-aggrandising tics and traits of most writers: he zipped up *Flies* (first draft) in six weeks, a solid 2,000 words per day while still teaching full time. 'I saw it like a film in my mind's eye — then I just had to retell this story I'd already seen.'

It isn't, of course, so simple beyond the basics: the line from Golding's essay 'In the Ark' about 'the appalling mystery of plain stuff' was rightly invoked. And there were moments when he seemed to doubt the value, or even the reality, of the prosaic question-and-answer session he was going through: he sat at one point by a flopping, splashing English Channel which gave Melvyn unexpected competition — 'When I look at it, it seems to render any conversation an irrelevance.' However, beyond stating 'the appalling mystery of plain stuff' Golding was less keen to go — or be dragged. Bragg seemed to want to lead him into admitting a formally religious side to his work; Golding declined to be led. He admitted the word 'spiritual' into his vocabulary, but promptly defined it to exclude any religious connotations. Salisbury Cathedral was loved for historical and architectural reasons, not religious ones. Golding seemed rightly determined to remain the obstinately rational sceptic, while admitting that this — the best available of intellectual stances — was small use against man's evil, ignorances, and horrible frailty. Mankind, his final judgment ran, has got a bit more *sensible* in the last 40 years, but no *better.* It was a sage and dignified performance by an unworldly writer with an effortlessly deeper grasp of the world than his more worldly confrères.

For vaunting worldliness, plus an unshakeable conviction that he has the universe well summed up, you can't beat *Lord Mountbatten Remembers* (BBC-1). The series ought to be made compulsory viewing for every citizen, given that the current heir to the throne, we are led to believe, admired Uncle Dickie every side idolatry, and is currently modelling himself on the pompous peer. Even for an autobiography the word 'I' bombs down on one with the fatiguing inexorability of a squadron of Space Invaders; it fits snugly and smugly into sentences like 'I talked quite knowledgeably about . . .' and modifies suavely into the possessive pronoun: 'My prophecy was fulfilled . . .'

Last week the conceited sailor spent a very long time explaining how he managed to go to India as viceroy on exactly his own terms. These included more responsibility than anyone else had had in the history of the world, full choice of staff, no accountability to the British Government, and so on. It subsequently emerged, though in rather a roundabout way, that what had later transpired in India — that Partition thing — had all been a bit of a screw-up. But did any of the blame seem to attach to the man with more power than anyone else in the history of the world, etc? Apparently not. On the other hand, did any credit ensue for his advice to Eden not to embark on Suez? Neither the Cabinet Office nor the BBC seem keen to help us out on that one.

The vanities paraded annually in *Miss World* are more vulnerable. This year's transfer to ITV, while effecting no significant structural changes, did produce a sly democratisation of the event. The choice of Miss Germany as winner must have been a great encouragement to persons of unrestricted growth, to owners of podgy faces, thick lips and gummy smiles, and to partners in inter-generational love-matches. Alas that the champion of such unélitist constituencies lasted a mere 19 hours. If only someone with morals unacceptable to the Morleys had the nerve to keep her crown for a whole year, she might manage to drag this tawdry trophy into the disrespect it deserves.

Not that the ridiculous Anthony Newley didn't do his best to help this end; as did the tackiest line-up of damp-tongued judges I've seen for years. It's a good sign, too, that one or two of the girls are quietly subverting the competition by parodying the required social-work element of their curriculum vitae. Best moment this year came when one of the tuxedoed clones who run the show breathed to us in a voiceover of Miss Sweden: 'She wants to earn more money from modelling because she wants to do research into cancer.' And I want to earn more money from reviewing television because I want to set up the NS space shuttle.

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Art

John Spurling

On the Beach

Michael Andrews *Hayward, until 11 January; then Fruit Market, Edinburgh and Whitworth, Manchester*

In an article in the *Sunday Times Magazine* and again in his catalogue introduction to the Michael Andrews retrospective Professor Lawrence Gowing of the Slade attempts to rally a figurative 'School of London' which he sees as 'the post-modernist style', i.e. goodbye to abstraction. Michael Andrews is posted as one of the leading lights of this school, whose other members include Auerbach, Freud, Kitaj and Hockney and whose titular head is Francis Bacon. It is not a very persuasive idea since nearly every one of the painters Gowing mentions has shown signs of exhausted subject-matter and flagging energy in the last decade and they are besides eccentrics to a man.

Andrews himself is an uncompromisingly autobiographical painter and his subjects are insecurity and dependence. Two remarkable student works depict a huge, tortoise-like man in a black suit.

In the first of them he dominates a pale beach scene, yet seems paradoxically to share the vulnerability of the seated and recumbent bodies clustered thickly behind him rather than to triumph over it; in the second he is caught at the moment of hitting the pavement horizontally, his soft, fleshy head lifted away from the impact to register all at once shock, resignation and the desire to retain his dignity. Ten years later a similarly bulky and dominant figure reappears seated in the right foreground of *The Family in the Garden*: his features now specifically characterised, he has been transformed into the artist's father. Beyond him, forming a curve which leads away towards the garden wall, his family look as insubstantial as the bodies on the beach behind that original figure.

A year before he began *The Family in the Garden* Andrews had painted three disturbing versions of the so-called *Digswell Man,* a gardener or labourer who passed Andrews's studio every day. The man's stumbling walk is as vividly expressed as the crashing weight of *The Man Who Suddenly Fell Over.* The paint is laid on uncharacteristically thickly, in the Auerbach manner, the image is reminiscent of Bacon's portrait of Van Gogh, but the face, with its glassy simpleton's stare, is cousin to Andrews's *Self-Portrait* of the same year. This, one understands, is the way of complete independence and solitude and this way madness lies. But *The Family in the Garden,* painted in the dry, pedantic manner Andrews had learnt from his teachers at the Slade, convincingly argues the impossibility of a return to the nest and one is not, therefore, surprised to discover in the next room that Andrews has attached himself to a new scene.

Here, from the early Sixties, are his very best paintings, crowded, intimate depictions of nightlife and alcoholic sociability, in which the construction is still tight but the colours dark and strong and the figures a mixture of the specific (several are portraits of his friends) and the hazy. Alas, by the mid-Sixties — grinding his teeth, no doubt, at the swift *coup d'état* of the new generation of Pop painters — Andrews is losing his sense of belonging again. In a triptych called *Good and Bad at Games* distorted and attenuated portraits of his friends float in a ghostly, mocking row across the triply repeated backcloth (shades of Warhol) of a grand hotel seen by night.

During the early Seventies Andrews took refuge in Zen and R.D.Laing, embarking on a series of smooth, spacious, unpeopled paintings called *Lights.* A balloon (symbolising, according to Gowing, who seems to have the artist's word for it, the ego) hovers over a blurred landscape or descends among tall city-blocks, chequered with blind, lit windows. An illuminated liner leaving a port, an airliner diving over a bay and a set of views of piers are meant to symbolise 'ships of souls', 'togetherness', 'rejoining the human race'. These are, in fact, images of extreme isolation and loneliness and, admitting it, Andrews embarks next on a series of fish pictures — schools of roach, tuna, butterflies or damsels, threatened occasionally by pike or barracuda, but naturally, inexorably together. They are pretty but dull.

Melanie and Me Swimming by Michael Andrews

Andrews is incapable of concealing his feelings and he cannot pretend that contemplating the togetherness of fish solves anything.

Fortunately, with his most recent series —he seizes what seems to be a new life-line. There is first of all the strange view of himself and his daughter (shown here) swimming together, a jagged balancing act of two pale bodies in black water, with the artist's single visible leg, swollen by refraction to look like a root, supporting the whole; and then there is the latest series concerned with deer-stalking in the Highlands. In each painting the artist is accompanied by a friend, his guide and helper in the tricky business of shooting a stag. The distant line of running deer, the panoramic sweep of hills and glens appear to dominate the pictures, but their real subject is the two human figures in the foreground, seen absurdly from behind, lying side by side in the rough grass, intent on their aim, companions in action. One is reminded of Alan Breck Stuart and David Balfour in *Kidnapped* or of scenes from Buchan. They are odd and eloquent paintings, not least in their suggestion that, if one doesn't fit into a school, only killing animals together (apart from alcohol) can overcome a congenital condition of loneliness and insecurity.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Gear-Changes

Tosca *Covent Garden*
Tosca *Decca* D134 D2
Tosca *DGG* 2707 121

Since *Tosca* is an opera about opera, its best interpreters in my experience have been those whose theatricality is most unabashed — Leonie Rysanek, who massacres the furniture in Scarpia's study and splinters her wine-glass before stabbing him, or Galina Vishnevskaya, frantically applauding what she imagines to be Cavaradossi's simulated death. Shirley Verrett at Covent Garden has some of their fine flamboyance. She billows into the church and investigates its hiding-places not as a jealous, insecure woman but as an operatic exhibitionist for whom wherever she is is a stage. Her cajoling of Cavaradossi she delivers as a grandly ecstatic aria, and with Scarpia too she is dangerously over-confident, chuckling at his interrogation and hoping to subdue him to her coquetry. Throughout, she serves up a proud demonstration of what she calls (in rehearsing Cavaradossi for his death) her *'scenica scienza'*.

Verrett's upgrading of herself to a soprano has left her with a pair of voices, both of them good but with a no man's land in between them The high Cs with which she shrieks her anguish during the torture are evidence of a brillian soprano; when she snarls her pardon over the dead Scarpia or describes the stabbing to Cav aradossi there are sudden lunges into a balefu mezzo range. But the gear-changes betwee these separate registers are painful, and th voice jerks up and down like a capricious eleva tor, unable to supply the arrogant ease of emis sion which her swaggering characterisatio deserves. Nevertheless, she's a superior Tosca coupled here with drab colleagues — a bleatin Cavaradossi from Gianfranco Cecchele, sturdy but phlegmatic and undevilish Scarp from Kari Nurmela. Robin Stapleton conduc slackly.

The Tosca in Decca's new recording Mirella Freni, who can't manage the autho itarianism of other interpreters but, instead commanding, chooses to tease and ingratiat She is less the tantrum-throwing diva played Verrett than a playful and flirtatious girl, sister to Mimi and Butterfly; she's therefc beautifully matched with the Cavaradossi Pavarotti, who sees the character as anotl bohemian painter after the model of Rodol or an expert at erotic wheedling like Pinkertc with an irresistible flutter of humour or of s ual anticipation in his voice. For him, the her idealism and defiance are just vocal bravac and his moans from the torture chamber languishing and luxuriant, not agonised — h incapable, even when being racked by Scarp thugs, of making an ugly sound. Cavarados refusal of food also sounds unconvinc from the pasta-bloated Pavarotti.

Nicola Rescigno's conducting relaxes to er the vocal delights the tenor and soprano] vide, and the recording owes whatever dram intensity it has to Sherrill Milnes's Scarpi

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corrupt police chief from a Warner Bros *film noir*, barking his orders and rolling his r's with a malevolent relish.

Karajan, on the stunning new DGG *Tosca*, seems not only to conduct but to play Scarpia. Puccini's villain is the conductor's alter ego: a man who lives by the will and the exercise of power, an enchanter and a master-manipulator. On the booklet cover, Karajan is posed in a Scarpia-like attitude, his quiff of white hair bristling electrically, his cruel mouth downturned in a grimace of concentration, his dictatorial baton aimed at some invisible, victimised minion. It's this musical sadism which makes Karajan's *Tosca* so thrilling. His orchestra, sullen, massive, menacing, is on Scarpia's side. Crying *'Più forte! più forte!'* to his inquisitors, Scarpia also doubles as a substitute maestro, conducting the torture. The singer Karajan has chosen and coached for this enactment of his fantasies is Ruggero Raimondi, whose bass, glowering when he enters the church, is black as sin.

There are fascinating connections with Raimondi's Don Giovanni in the Losey film: this Scarpia, like Raimondi's Giovanni, is a suave brute, as elegant as he is violent, liable to switch in an instant from an undertone of sexy innuendo to the blaring might of his full voice.

As conducted by Karajan, the end of the first act is apocalyptic. Scarpia mutters and whispers, and the orchestra rumbles and trembles in sympathy with him, reinforced gradually by cannonades and the outcry of the worshipping chorus, over all of which at last Scarpia's voice thunders in the prayer of a damned soul. Against such an alliance of conductor and bass, the lovers can do little but sound lyrically doomed. Katia Ricciarelli's Tosca is pallid, lacking both Verrett's dramatic confidence and Freni's feline humour, but there's a vibrancy to her voice which can suggest nervy uncertainty or fear; Jose Carreras, having flown from Tokyo to Berlin for the recording in between performances of *Tosca* on the Royal Opera's Japanese tour, is strained and effortful, but jet lag has perhaps deepened his characterisation: Cavaradossi at least sounds authentically in extremis.

Laurence Lerner

Lazarus

In sunlight, in the powdery afternoons,
In empty spaces where no shadow falls,
The air asserts its self-sufficiency,
Shrugging me off. Graveyard and calumny,
Decay and pain have never frightened me,
Only those moments when I breathed the fact
That all will still be there when I am not.
They came and went; not often, but they came.

And now it has happened. I did nothing at all
But die. Blood drained, and the abandoned flesh
Went blue and brittle, then began to soften.

He could have saved me, but preferred to wait.

After four days there would be more to do,
Repairing, kneading, coaxing blood to flow,
Skin to resume its colour: He's an artist,
And needs to show his skill. Or was it skill?
Restoring life like granting life might be
A letting happen.

When I woke up, it smelled of morning. 'Come,'
I heard him call, and then my name. 'Come out,'
I knew he had been weeping. Then I breathed
And came into the light, and heard them gasp,
And Mary screamed. And then I understood.

Master, why did you wait? Your grief was real,
But you could not resist a miracle.

So I am back. So after all the world
Could not get by without me. Now I sit
In sunlight, in the powdery afternoons,
No longer terrified, no longer sure
I am expendable. The shadows fall.
Am I still part of the recurrent world?
Is it for my mortality I weep?

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Methods of Eviction

The Caretaker by HAROLD PINTER *Lyttelton*
Richard II and **Richard III** by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
All Together Now by PETER BUCKMAN *Greenwich*

The Caretaker has long proved a provocation to academic critics, who have found it hard to explain why so seemingly simple a piece should be so potent in both study and theatre, and have therefore sought solace in one far-fetched interpretation after another. The tramp Davies is Dionysus, or the Wandering Jew, or maybe the tempter in a modern *Everyman* play, or conceivably Everyman himself, beset by a dark angel and a bright angel, namely the brothers Mick and Aston. Or perhaps Aston is the carpenter Christ, building his Church in the form of the garden shed that so obsesses him. Or perhaps, at some still profounder level, the play involves the Old Testament God, the New Testament God, and suffering humanity, though which character is supposed to represent which I have thankfully forgotten. Pinter's own comments on it all have been characteristically unpretentious, and I, for one, don't think him disingenuous. If *The Caretaker* is 'about' anything (and only our modern mania for abstraction obliges it to be) it might almost be about methods of eviction.

Look at the situation, as most critics don't, from Mick's point of view. He owns a derelict flat, and aims to kill two birds by letting his mentally damaged brother live there and decorate it. Instead, Aston fills it with more and more junk, first the inanimate sort, then the animate. He unilaterally invites a noxious old tramp to stay. Mick at first tries to frighten away the intruder, and, failing, tries a subtler approach. He exploits Davies's greedy, grovelling character, weaning him from his real benefactor, Aston, and winning his allegiance for himself. In short, he manipulates Davies into demonstrating his own true worthlessness to Aston, and, as a logical consequence, Aston into rejecting him. The tramp suddenly finds himself without a friend or protector, and it's all his own thick-witted fault. It's a Rachmanite dream, a tenant slyly inveigled into sacrificing everyone's sympathy and, in effect, evicting himself.

Of course, nothing is certain where Pinter is concerned. The human transactions in his plays — the mutual manoeuvrings, the shifts of power, the ups and downs in the continuing battle for territory and status — tend to be as elusive as they're elaborate; and Mick's demolition of Davies may not be so conscious and calculated as this account suggests. Certainly, Jonathan Pryce's interpretation of the part at the National gives it only intermittent support. At one point Davies pulls a knife on Mick, who, as I read the script and others have played it, pretends to be intimidated by this feeble show of violence. Since the tramp immediately afterwards becomes his abject creature, it's hard to believe that Mick's 'I'm very impressed' is anything except half-camouflaged sarcasm.

But Pryce is authentically, inexplicably cowed, and, in spite of the menace his slouching vowels sometimes generate, seems in less than total control of the situation throughout. He even appears to believe that Davies might succeed in transforming the chaos we see into a teal-blue penthouse: a suggestion surely made only to lure the tramp into offering himself as a potential decorator, and thus to give Mick an excuse for sacking the old fraud after he's alienated Aston.

This gives us a more complicated, contradictory character, but also a less lucid plot; and there are other respects, too, in which Kenneth Ives's production isn't exactly my platonic ideal of what is, I suddenly realise, my favourite contemporary play. The acting is too fussy. Only Kenneth Cranham's Aston seems to understand that Pinter requires his actors darkly to be rather than busily to do, or, more precisely, to suggest that the crucial events are occurring in stomach, intestines, bowels, not on lips, fingers, feet and other visible places.

Warren Mitchell apparently believes he isn't earning his screw unless his Davies is clapping his hands, smirking, sticking out his tongue, spitting, jumping up and down, or otherwise behaving as if his problem was less an importunate, baleful temper than hyped-up thyroid glands. He is so relentlessly peppy, so jaunty and resilient, so relatively adequate and attractive, that the ludicrous dream with which he dupes himself and everyone else seems infinitely more attainable than, surely, it should. This Davies would have legged it to Sidcup, found his long-lost papers, got a job, and ended up with his own shoe-shop, thus making the marvellous intricacies of Mick's plot and Pinter's play altogether unnecessary.

At Stratford, Terry Hands offers us both cause and conclusion of the Wars of the Roses, leaving the bloody bits in between to our memories of earlier productions. Each play comes off pretty well, whether it's considered as spectacle, painless history-lesson, debate about the sanctity of monarchs, demonstration of supernal morality, cartoon Tudor propaganda, or opportunity for Alan Howard to display his

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trumpeting tenor and energetic intelligence. *Richard II* turns out to be a fascinating contest between the golden dandies and the bleak men of business, or, more specifically, between David Suchet's Bolingbroke, driving general and conscientious king, and Howard's Richard, callous ironist, manic depressive, spoiled child, Arthurian knight, perhaps even (as he himself claims) 'glist' ring Phaeton'.

But *Richard III* is the more ambitious if contentious offering. The emotions on display are unusually forceful, the faces of the players unusually close to each other, their behaviour unwontedly demonstrative: Domini Blythe's Queen Elizabeth brassily expostulates, hands on hips, just like the 'country servant-maid' she wishes she was; Bruce Purchase's Hastings actually picks up and flings to the floor the messenger who presumes to interrupt his beauty sleep; and there's an all-electric encounter between Howard's Richard and Sinead Cusack's Lady Anne, ending with her plausibly zonked by his hypnotic eye and the power of her own rage.

At the same time the play's grotesqueries are exploited with imaginative extravagance, most obviously in the Baynard's Castle scene, which begins with Crookback yanking actors' costumes out of a hamper while mouthing relevant lines from *Henry VI*, and continues with him in an angular tableau with two crazed-looking monks and one askew cross, all for the benefit of aldermen who are being manipulated like dummies and a mayor queasily recovering from having been tossed the head of Hastings. And both styles, both approaches, are united and reconciled in the person of Howard's Richard, a smiling public monster beset by private angers and agonies, most of them caused by the half-paralysed leg he lugs along with the help of his hands and, at the moment of military defeat, actually tries to saw off.

Exuberance sometimes becomes eccentricity, as when Derek Godfrey's grave Buckingham 'dances attendance' by doing a jig or the bull-like Hastings is felled by picadors; but it's a riveting evening. And so, too, is *All Together Now*, Peter Buckman's wry saga of the vicissitudes of a small-town band, reviewed by me from Leicester last year. It has been mainly recast (who would have thought Equity boasted so many members so deft with both larynx and trumpet?) and, if anything, seems even more unpretentiously eloquent about professionalism and amateurism, the claims of efficiency, competition and achievement and those of creative fun. Our tottering West End can surely not afford to deny it the transfer it patiently merits.

Weekend Competition

No 2644 **Set by B. Mooring**

Can we have extracts from newspaper diaries (Jennifer, Hickey, Dempster, *NS* London Diary, *Spectator*, etc.) commenting on the events depicted in the film *Caligula*. Max 150 words, by 5 December.

No 2641 **Set by Maurice Blackhead**

Poems to please all four *Observer*/Arvon Foundation poetry competition judges, i.e. Larkin, Hughes, Heaney and Causley.

Report **By Blake Morrison**

The point, of course, was to succeed in parodying all four poets within a very short space; but also to create a poem with a certain amount of coherence. Very few entries managed this. Some knew one of the poets very well, but not (seemingly) the others: Jim Yorke, for example, had a good Larkin stanza ('"He used to keep a bird in there/I'm sure I don't know what for."/I looked around: a bed, a chair/And a pile of bird-shit on the floor'), but was less impressive on the others; ditto E.O. Parrott ('Mam, we're playing foot and mouth') and Gerry Hamill. F. Pitt-Kethley, who I'm told is the comp's new rising star, tried to make a poem out of titles ('The Lupercal is over/And Crow is Wintering Out,/So take The Door into the Dark/and board The North Ship out'), but this too just missed the boat. So it was left to Wendy Cope (well ahead of the rest) to lead in the small band of winners, to whom eight quid each.

God tried to teach Mouse how to sing.
'Piss off! I'm not the sort.'
Mouse squelched away across the bog.
'It's jolly cold', he thought.

Stone-numb, Mouse watched the ice-bright stars,
Decided they were boring.
Cradled in roots and sodden turf,
Soon he was jolly snoring.

Mouse dreamed a Universe of Blood,
He dreamed a shabby room,
He dreamed a dank hole in the earth
(Back to the jolly womb).

Mouse tried to vomit up his guts
Then got up for a pee.
A comet pulsed across the sky —
He didn't jolly see.

WENDY COPE

Suspended lion face
And a round head like an old tomcat,
Reddish as a fox's brush,
He knelt at last upon the woodland ride
Under a cavernous, a wind-picked sky,
Crying to the old shape of the starlit land,
By sweet briar and tangled vetch,
Amazed to find the poor bitch had died.

High and preposterous and separate,
Walloping up roads in a milk wagon
(A mark of gorget in the flesh,
The hand is now to stone returned,
O wolves of memory! Immensements!).
Of neither water nor land, seeking
The pot of the skull,
He finished up in the papers.

T. GRIFFITHS

In the flab of the bog-soft English vowel
I stab, with feral nicety, causing pain.
Perhaps a ballad-metre should be my trowel?
Depressed, I'll change my library books again.

MAGGI KYPREOS

'O what have you brought me home from the sea?'
A white polar bear I have brought for thee,
An ape from Gibraltar, a parrot from Peru
A tiger and a turtle and a red cockatoo
And hawks to harry weasels through the furrows
In the coarse crusted loam by the bog
Where blobbing rain puckers the churned slime
And dank peat-sods hide the crouching frog —
Unless, of course, he had turned into a prince
Though heaven knows
It's not much cop being a prince these days
And the princesses all look like drunk crows.
Tongue furred, head hammering, Crow woke in a sheep's entrails,
Lurched out, swivelled a blurred eye, jabbed,
Speared the whole menagerie, gagged, swallowed, shat them out,
Won first prize.

MICHAEL SWAN

The broken-bottled sea
Curls its snaggling lips
Along a warm, worn rim of beach
Where seaweed snaps
And crackles, in search
Of some foreign frequency.

Here sodden footprints stamp
Shadows in the wake
Of several sleepless stragglers' steps,
Whose fruitless walk
First stutters. Then stops
At the dunes, where clearly cramp

Set in. The shingling tide
Polishes them nimbly off
With shuffle of pride
And a butler's subtle cough.

BILL GREENWELL

Tony Miles

Chess

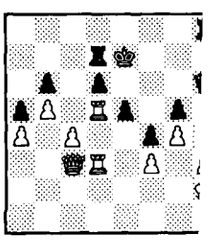
No 206 **England's new grandmaster**

England has its fifth grandmaster! At the tournament recently concluded in Maribor, Yugoslavia, Jon Speelman finished second with 9½/13 to score his second and final GM norm, clinching the title and the last of the Slater £2,500 awards.

After his fine performance in the Philips and Drew tournament earlier this year the title seemed only a matter of time and, sure enough, a disciplined professional performance secured the second leg. Jon went through undefeated, scoring six wins and seven draws. The event was won by Kovacevic (Yugoslavia) with 10 and Velimirovic (Yugoslavia) and Ree (Holland) shared third with 8½. Jon is the first English player to gain his title under the new tougher regulations. This week's game is his first round win over the eventual tournament winner which set him on his way.

White: J.S. Speelman **Black: V. Kovacevi**
1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.P-KN3, P-Q4 4.N-KB3, B-N5ch; 5.B-Q2, B-K2; 6.B-N2, 0-0; 7.0-0 P-B3; 8.Q-B2, QN-Q2; 9.R-Q1, P-QN4; 10.P-B5, P QR4; 11.B-K1!? N-K5; 12.QN-Q2, P-B4; 13.N-N3 Q-B2?! 14.N-B1, P-K4?! A better try is 14. . .B-B 15.N-Q3, P-N4. **15.N-Q3, B-B3; 16.PxP, NxKP 17.KNxN, BxN; 18.P-B3, N-N3.** If . . . B-Q5ch; 14.K R1, N-N4; 20.P-QR4! is strong. **19.Q-Q2, N-Q 20.B-B2, P-B5?** Better is 20. . .B-B3, 21.N-B4, C K4; Now White's advantage assumes decisive propo tions. **21.PxP, BxP; 22.NxB, QxN; 23.QxQ, RxQ 24.P-K4!** smashing open the position for the bishop **24. . .B-N2; 25.QR-B1, N-K4; 26.B-N3, NxPc 27.K-R1, R-B3; 28.PxP, PxP; 29.P-B6, B-R 30.RxP, R(1)-B1; 31.P-B7, B-N2; 32.R-Q8.** N 32.RXP? N-K8! **32. . .B-B1; 33.R-B1, B-N 34.BxN, RxB; 35.RxR, BxRch; 36.K-N1, B-N 37.B-Q6.** Resigns. A fine positional display.

Problem 206
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 3 December.



Solution to problem 204
1.NxP!! NxN (if . . .RxN; 2.BxR! 3.NxB, K-K traps the N). 2.K-K4, N-Q2 (if . . .N-B3ch; 3.K-K wins) 3.BxN winning a pawn and the game.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index for January-June 1980 (Vol. 99) is now available, price £1.00 post free, from the publisher

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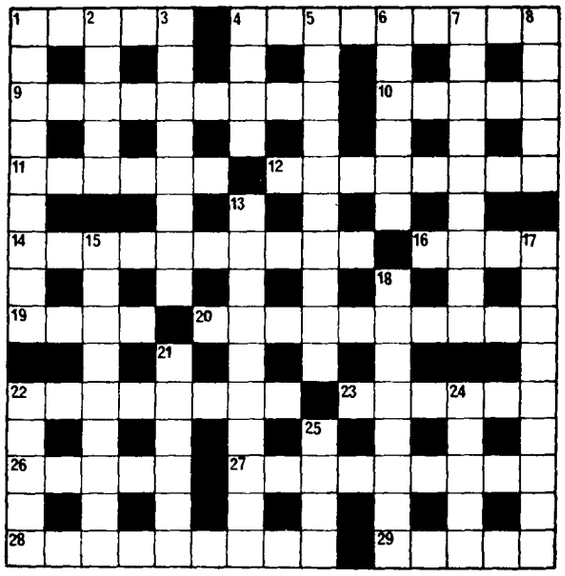
Weekend Crossword 1364

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1364, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 December.



ACROSS

1 Abrupt note (5)
4 Grand ladies seem confused about the newspapers (9)
9 A prince follows a wandering star in oriental material (9)
10 Burden which makes a vehicle move (5)
11 Read one found in the ruins of Crete (6)
12 Giant-like as in copy 251 (8)
14 Something to wear when it is cold in the country (10)
16 'No children run to —— their sire's return' (Gray) (4)
19 Dismiss for drink (4)
20 Store a lot of material where cattle are to be found (10)
22 Composer who has to damage his instrument (8)
23 A cold one is used in the kitchen (6)
26 A duck in the game would be a reverse for the army (5)
27 Priest who breaks a toy in a back room (9)
28 The disloyal leave the queen in unpleasant spots (9)
29 Strikes and shares (5)

DOWN

1 Plant in artificial stones (9)
2 Room to be included in what tickles the fancy (5)
3 Rehearsal in which Fanny is about to perform (8)
4 Nymph in the chorus (4)
5 Stamp of a girl born to want (5,5)
6 Is superior if caught after ten among fish (6)
7 Get rid of jetty more untidily (9)
8 As a philosopher I enter an endless race (5)
13 Whisky makes one calm in time (10)
15 Those who don't pay attention get themselves into debt (9)
17 They are not original, but consume teas and chips (9)
18 Winds which go north into moving toyshop (8)
21 Reformed gambler (6)
22 Meditated about us being in the sea (5)
24 I go in to ring up for a shrub (5)
25 Service for the state (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1362

P	A	R	E	D		P	R	E	A	M	B	L	E	S
A		O		E		L		D		A		A		I
T	R	A	I	N	B	A	N	D		R	O	T	O	R
R		S		I		Y		Y		A		H		E
I	N	T	I	M	A	T	E		O	T	H	E	R	S
S				S		H		M		H		R		
T	I	P	S		S	I	N	O	L	O	G	I	S	T
I		O		G		N		N		N		N		I
C	A	R	R	I	N	G	T	O	N		I	G	O	R
		T		G		S		P		B				E
C	R	E	T	A	N		D	O	G	E	A	R	E	D
H		N		N		S		L		R		E		N
A	U	D	I	T		P	R	I	V	I	L	E	G	E
R		E		I		O		E		N		L		S
M	E	D	I	C	A	T	E	S		G	A	S	P	S

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Conditions of appointment and details of the method of application may be obtained from **the Registrar, The University of Waikato, Private Bag, Hamilton, New Zealand.**

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Salary will commence at £5,040 rising to £5,156 after 1 year's service. 5 wks holiday after 1 year's service, LVs and a 34 hr week.
Written application stating previous employment history to

Mr Peter Kennedy, National Officer, ASTMS, 32 Furnival Street, London EC4.

Applications should be received by **9 December 1980.**

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LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC HISTORY

An Occasional Research Assistant

is required to work on a project investigating the origins and early history of the British Transport Commission. Responsibilities will involve examination of public and British Rail records and giving general assistance to Dr M. R. Bonavia, the Consultant undertaking the project. Candidates should have good honours degree in History, Economic History, Economics or related field.

This is an hourly paid appointment for up to 20 hours a week over a one year period from November 1980 and could possibly be extended for a second year. Hourly rate up to £3.63.

Application forms from:

Sheila McKenzie, LSE, Houghton Street, WC2A 2AE. Tel 404 4769.

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Details and application form from:

Development and Training Dept., NUS, 3 Endsleigh Street, London WC1H 0DU. Tel: 01-387 1277.

**1981 pay scales still under negotiation.*

C.A.V.E LITERACY CLUB

C.A.V.E is a voluntary education project in Clapham which runs a day and evening literacy club for young people. We need a **WORKER** for this club to start as soon as possible. Experience in adult literacy essential.
Salary approx £6,400. Contract renewed annually.
Further information contact:

Pat Roach on 01-622 7186

CO-OPERATIVE NEEDS WORKERS: We need two energetic, committed, workers to join us running a wholefood & radical bookshop. Please write with details to Balham Food & Book Co-operative, 2-16 Culmore Cross, SW8. Phone for more information if needed on 673 0946.

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OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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needs

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to work with local groups and individuals on one or more of housing, employment, race and immigration or with young people. Either direct experience – for instance in a tenants association or immigrant group, or professional experience suitable. Some reception and administration.
For details contact:

West Hampstead Law Centre, 222 Belsize Road, NW6. Tel: 01-328 4501.

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ASTROMATCH, Introduction Agency, finds you compatible friends/partners through objective astrological analysis. Details, stamp: Astromatch (N) 9/11 Kensington High St, London, W8 5NP.

ATTRACTIVE, INDEPENDENT WOMAN, fifties, London based, would like to meet caring, cultured, professional man, 50+, interested in the arts of life. If he could teach me about music so much the better. Box 9944.

ATTRACTIVE woman teacher, 41, divorced, 5' 5", grey eyes, warm, intelligent, seeks unattached, sincere man for lasting relationship. Interests: – walking, concerts, theatre. London area. Box 9738.

CULTURED, WOMAN ARTIST, 'attractive & presentable', well-travelled, seeks stable, warm-hearted, prof. man, with sense of humour, 56-65, for serious relationship, perhaps marriage. Box 9952.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and last relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

FEMININE LATIN-AMERICAN LADY, attractive, refined divorcee, 2 boys, enjoying cultural interests, misses intelligent successful, attractive, tall gentleman (38-55), who prizes a sharing, warm committed relationship/marriage. Genuine applicant must be solvent, generous, romantic, self-assured, polite, from stable family background. Box 9938.

FRIENDSHIP OFTEN ENDS IN LOVE; but love in friendship – never. So I am looking for a friend. I am 42, female, div., attractive & happy, & hope to meet a good m. friend. Box 9951.

IDEALISTIC LONDON MAN, fifties, hopes to find woman companion, without close family ties. Box 9956.

IS THERE an intellectual, good looking, sensitive, non acquisitive, female, age 22-33, with an interest in the arts & nature, who would like the intellectual companionship and physical warmth of an unusual, well travelled, similar, male, slightly older than herself? Detailed letter essential. Box 9980.

JEWISH SOCIALISTS' GROUP open afternoon, 23 Nov. 3 p.m. Details, Michael 01-455 2332, Neil 01-904 8483.

LADY FRIEND, approx. 35, wanted to join male on visits to historical and archaeological sites, countryside walks and classical concerts, preferably from within 25 mile radius of Hertford. Box 9946.

LONDON-BASED GUY, left-wing, 43, (young I'm told) non-sexist, anti-racist, seeks progressive woman, share ideas, interests, perhaps develop meaningful relationship. Box 9973.

MALE, EARLY 30's, single, from Manchester but working in Saudi Arabia, seeks intelligent female (looks immaterial) late 20's-30's. Mainly as penpal but also as companion when in U.K. on leave 2-3 times a year. Good sense of humour essential. Varied interests: pub-crawling, music, painting, pistol-shooting, flying, etc. Box 9983.

MALE SOCIAL STUDIES STUDENT, at Oxford, 36, wishes to meet an attractive lady, in her forties, for friendship and marriage. Genuine replies only please. Box 9890.

M. & F. JEWISH MARRIAGE AGENCY (est. 1958) has many attractive, intelligent young ladies seeking introductions for friendship/marriage. Write: M. & F. Agency, 32 North Hill, Highgate, N6; 340 5616, SW Branch 731 4998.

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NATIONAL GOVERNMENT Details from The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Ct, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TU.

CLAN SOCIAL CLUB

for unattached men and women over 30. Professional background. Events all over London. Note: **due to current imbalance in membership applications from men especially welcome.** Send two S.A.E.'s for first two monthly programmes (during which time membership is free) to: **84b Westbury Road, London N12.**

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PHOENIX WANTING TO RISE from the Ashes . . . South African exile, working in media, sks unattached, left-wing, humorous, arts-loving man, 35-plus, who does not feel threatened by intelligent woman, pref. living in Leeds or area. Box 9846.

PIANO REPAIRS, TUNING, uprights, grands and pianolas. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PROF. WOMAN, single, 40s, intd arts, music, travel, sks female friends London. Box 9971.

SINGLE PARENT, 33, 18mths daughter, meeting mostly other women, would like to correspond/make friends with interesting man. Box 9958.

SOCIALIST FEMALE arts graduate, wants to widen circle of friends and meet or correspond with interesting people. Old friends married & not allowed out, or have emigrated. Aged 30-45 preferred. Box 9948.

SOMEWHAT CHARMING, employed, divorced lady, 48, seeks appropriate male companionship, operas, plays; London, Liverpool. Box 9947.

TRAVELLED LADY, youthful 40s, reasonable appearance/intellect, adventurous spirit, sensitive, appreciative, loyal, kind. Enjoys good music, travel, country, mountains, sea, space, wildlife, animals, walking, sport, history, humanities, science, astronomy, world events, books, films, wine, laughter, seeks similar, sincere, honest, gentle, non-sexist man, for companionship. Perhaps emigration. Box 9957.

WOMAN, LATE 30's seeks marriage with (ideally farmer (Smithfield meeting?), Lecturer o Policeman. Preferably ante/anti series 3 Anglicar and good boozer. Box 9982.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1 01-286 2128 (24 hrs).

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WIDOW, 50s, (Continental), sensitive, sincere, attractive, smart, no ties, seeks gentleman, pre medium/tall, early 60s, healthy, active with cultur interests, stimulating personality for lasting friendship. Box 9834.

WOMAN GRADUATE, separated, seeks kin man, 45-60, intellectual/cultural interests. Cam bridge/N. London area. Box 9960.

42 YR-OLD professional man, West Midlands, ta slim, sincere, wide interests include travel an countryside: seeks responsive and attractive lac for serious relationship. Box 9945.

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Classified ads cost **only £1.25** per line in the **NEW STATESMAN,** (6 words per line, minimum size 2 lines). Box Numbers £1.00 extra. Your name and address, if to be used in the ad, must be included and paid for. Use plain sheet of paper if you don't want to cut the page.

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Christmas Gift Guide

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THE JDK BABY HILDA is lovely and is this month's special offer. Normally £125, on offer at £95.
Limited supply of 50 of these dolls only. She is dressed in white baby gown and cape, has composition body and real hair wig.
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DOLLS' CLOTHES, COMPOSITION BODIES, WIGS, ETC.
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DOLL PICTURE CATALOGUES: Colour £3.50, B/W £1.25.

Cheques & POs payable to: Mrs M. Marsh, Marsha's Dolls' House, 21 Keats Way, Greenford, Middx.

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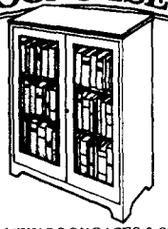
BOOKS AND BOOKCASES



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Publications

AFRICA & ASIA. Books bought & catalogues issued. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Middx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

THE RED FLAG: Illustrated Poster (24" x 18") of Socialism's Song (five versus). £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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The Socialist Book Fair,
Camden Town Hall, Euston Road,
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28th-29th November.

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"The accumulation of weapons, particularly nuclear weapons, today constitutes much more a threat than a protection to the future of mankind . . ." (Final document of 1978 UN Special Session on Disarmament, signed by representatives from 149 key nations.)

DISARM FOR LIFE

— the arms race and what we can do about it —

A public meeting will be held at the invitation of the Mayor of Camden, organised by Hampstead group of the **World Disarmament Campaign.**

Taking Part:

Peggy Ashcroft
Fenner Brockway
Professor Joseph Rotblat
Julie Christie
Bruce Page
Jonathan Dimbleby

Wed 26 Nov., 7.45 p.m. Camden Centre, Camden Town Hall (Bidborough St entrance) Euston Rd, WC1. Nearest tube: Kings Cross.

Camden Town Hall
Euston Road
London NW1

Friday, 28th November
12.30pm to 6.30pm
Saturday, 29th November
11.00am to 5.00pm

The Socialist Bookfair, now in its fourth year, will bring together the largest and most comprehensive display of socialist, trade union and radical literature available in this country.

1980 SOCIALIST BOOKFAIR

In Memoriam

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NATIONAL RALLY AND MARCH AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.
LIVERPOOL, SAT. NOV 29.
ASSEMBLE SEFTON PARK 11.00am
RALLY PIERHEAD 1.30pm

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. S. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Group Sales Box Office 379 6061. All week special return season 'The *Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*'. 'A Masterpiece' S. Times RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in premiere production 'The Irish Play' by Ron Hutchinson. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) 'Othello', 'The Romans in Britain' (not suitable for children) 'Amadeus'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Elephant Man'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Crucible'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616 cc 261 1821 's'. Eves 7.30 p.m. Mats Wed & Sat 2 p.m. Tonight, Mon. & Tues. eves, Sat. & Wed. mats. 'The Merchant of Venice'. Sat., Wed. & Thurs. eve Peter O'Toole in 'Macbeth'. Sun. 23 Nov. 7.30 p.m. 'Horatio's Version'.

WILLY RUSSELL'S NEW COMEDY **'HILARIOUS'**

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Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787.

Exhibition

MARGARET HARRISON: Small Works. At the Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell Street, EC1 (Angel Tube). Tel: 01-837 9826. Mon-Fri 11-6 until 5 Dec.

Entertainments

PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL '80
12 hours of culture, politics and fun
Sunday 30 Nov. 11 a.m.-11 p.m.
Belle Vue, Manchester.
Tickets £2.50 reduced for non-earners.
Details: 28 Hathersage Rd, Manchester 13.
061-224 5378. Org: M/cr Area CPGB.

Meetings

EDITORIAL CENSORSHIP will be discussed by Sir Hugh Greene and others at the AGM of the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society in Grand Committee Room, Houses of Parliament, SW1, at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday 2 December. Admission free — all welcome.

GRESHAM LECTURES in Law. Changes in The Law of Contract by Professor C. M. Schmitthoff. 3 one-hour lectures at The Gresham College, Basinghall Street, London EC2 at 6 p.m. 27 November, 4 and 11 December.

GRESHAM LECTURES in Medical Science 'Body, Water and Salts' by Professor D. Slome, 2 one-hour lectures at The City University, Northampton Square, London EC1, at 6 p.m. 25 November and 2 December.

NAMIBIA IN OUR BACKYARD. Public meeting & social, with Bruce Page, also Dr Ralph Gonsalves of SWAPO. Sat. 22 Nov. 5-11 p.m. Co-op Hall, 129 Seven Sisters Rd, N7. Food Bar, Cabaret, Disco. Adm. £1 before 7 p.m. Org. Namibia Support C'ttee. (Tel. 01-388 5539).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday 28 November. Rehearsed Play reading of 'The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet'. 7 p.m. Upper Hall, City of London Polytechnic, 84 Moorgate, EC2.

R. H. TAWNEY. On the centenary of his birth, Lena Jeger will unveil a GLC commemoratrive plaque on Tawney's one time residence at 21 Mecklenburgh Square at 12 noon on Sunday 30 November. All welcome. Tickets for a small reception afterwards are available from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1, price £2.

THE BOMB AND THE DOLE QUEUE — Abolish the Cause. Fri. 28 Nov. 7.30 pm. Mawson Hall, Mawson Rd, Cambridge. Organised by The Socialist Party of Great Britain.

THE ISAAC DEUTSCHER Memorial Lecture. G. A. Cohen will speak on 'Freedom, Justice, and Capitalism' John Saville in the chair. Monday, 24 November, 7.30 p.m. The London School of Economics, New Theatre.

CHRISTOPHER RICKS BROADCASTS ON GEORGE ELIOT

'She was still young'.

A CENTENARY LECTURE ON RADIO 3,

Wednesday 3 December, 8-9 p.m.

given before an invited audience at **Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London.** For seats apply to: **Ticket Unit, BBC, London W1A 4WW,** enclosing s.a.e., or in person to **Reception Desk, Broadcasting House.**

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Sun. 23 Nov. 8 p.m. Open Q/A Meeting. 'What Theosophy Explains'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch-Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 25 Nov. 'Biochemistry by Radio: How to Study Living Tissues Without Harming Them, Using Nuclear Magnetic Resonance' by Professor D. R. Wilkie; 27 Nov. 'Taaw'. Film directed by Sembene Ousmane, Senegal 1970.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Smith, Kline & French Lecture in Allied Health Sciences by Dr K. Krnjević, 'Mechanisms of Facilitation in the Hippocampus', Tuesday 25 November at 5.30 in the Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon St, WC1. Admission Free. Without Ticket.

1980 SCHUMACHER LECTURES. Union Building, Bristol University, Saturday, 6 December. *Speakers — Shirley Williams, Gerald Leach, Johan Galtung.* Tickets £3 (Students £2) from Satish Kumar, Ford House, Hartland, Nr. Bideford, Devon. Tel: (023 74) 293.

Courses

DREAMS 5-7 Dec. Weekend to share our dreams and explore their meaning, using drawing, writing, discussion, guided fantasy. S.a.e. Lower Shaw Farm, Shaw, Swindon, Wilts. 0793 771080.

Literary

CROSSWORD FANATICS: Join the Crossword Club for a real cruciverbal challenge. Details from Hilberry Farm, Awbridge, Romsey, Hants.

Conferences

Trade, Commodities, Multinationals

Has the Brandt Report any credibility on these issues? Whose survival are they looking to?
A Day-School on Saturday 29 November at Leeds University Students' Union.
Speakers include **Gavin Williams, Mike Campbell.**
Workshops Registration and pre-conference papers (£1.50) from
Third World First (NS), 232 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1UH. Tel. Oxford 45678.

SHAC CONFERENCE

5 December, 1980 10.00-5.00

'HOMELESSNESS — PROSPECTS FOR THE 1980s'

A one-day conference

£25.00 + VAT Some concessionary places available.

Venue: **IBA, 70 Brompton Road, London SW3.**
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